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# CONTENTS OF PART XXIV.

## Literature.

Adventures of a French Ecclesiastic . . . . .	341	Montagu's (Alfred) St. Mary's, Redcliff, Bristol . . . . .	337
A Reckless Set . . . . .	359	Not Married for Love. By Holme Lee . . . . .	338
Bronze Fountain at Florence . . . . .	325	Pottery and Porcelain . . . . .	331
Flower Gossip . . . . .	313	Progress of Science . . . . .	306
George Stephenson . . . . .	355	Sketches and Studies in Russia. By H. S. Edwards . . . . .	347
Grant's (W. J.) Last Trial of Madame de Palissy . . . . .	316	Smith's (E.) Valentine . . . . .	343
Longfellow's New Poems . . . . .	360	Taylor's (Frederick) Rabbit-Shooting . . . . .	321
Macquoid's (T. R.) Cloisters of "Las Huelgas," near Burgos . . . . .	344	Taylor's (Frederick) Trooper's Stable . . . . .	327
Marble Panel from Pistoja . . . . .	357	The Epicurean's Garden. By Walter Thornbury . . . . .	327
Mieris' (Frans von) Child Blowing Bubbles . . . . .	328	The Temple Lane Tragedy . . . . .	319

## Engravings.

Bronze Fountain at Florence	T. R. Macquoid	325	Sevres Vase		328
Child Blowing Bubbles	Frans von Mieris	329	Shakspeare Jug		332
Cloisters of "Las Huelgas," near Burgos	T. R. Macquoid	345	St. Mary's, Redcliff, Bristol	Alfred Montagu	337
Dresden Vase		333	The Last Trial of Madame de Palissy	W. J. Grant	317
Greek Rhyta		332	The Valentine	E. Smith	353
Marble Panel from Pistoja	T. R. Macquoid	357	Trooper's Stable	Frederick Tayler	341
Rabbit-Shooting	Frederick Tayler	321			

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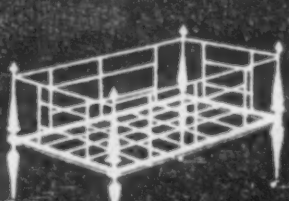
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# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

## FLOWER GOSSIP.

"THE breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (whence it comes and goes like the warblings of music) than in the hand," says Bacon, in his most exquisite *Chapter on Gardens*. But to gather and carry about with us "flowers in the hand," to heap them up in vases at our feasts, and to surround ourselves with them in our dwellings—nay, even to associate them with our public festivals and our religious worship, seems to be almost an instinct with man: if universality of practice may be held to assume an instinct. What should we do without flowers in our public and social gatherings?—in our Queen's visits, for instance, our school feasts, and our county archery meetings? What would our dinner-tables be like without the traditional *épergne*, and how would the county ball pass off if there were no garlands and no bouquets? How would the Catholic distinguish between feast and fast in his church; and what would the Lady Chapel be without its white lily? To say nothing of the pleasure and the profit of life, half its beauty would be gone without flowers—without flowers cut and "in the hand," as well as growing in the garden—flowers in drawing-room vases as well as in earthen pots and loamy borders.

Of all nations the ancient Greeks were, perhaps, the most passionately fond of flowers, and associated them most constantly with their lives. Nothing in Greece could be done without flowers. Typical leaves and plants and trees accompanied every rite, and gave a special character to every event. No child could be born, no maiden wooed, no bride taken home, and no sick man die, without flowers; while every religious festival had its distinctive object denoted, and its special character preserved, in the chaplets and garlands and flowers by which it was accompanied. Palm branches held in the hand meant relief to the mother and good luck to the new-born child; garlands hung up against the young maid's door were so many floral words of love; the Boeotian garland of wild asparagus, the Athenian shower of figs, and the bread-bearing boy half covered with branches of oak and hawthorn, who came singing, "I have left the worse and found the better state," were all typical of certain blessings that were to follow on that flower-decked marriage; while the boughs of buckthorn and laurel hung across the lintel denoted sickness within, as surely as parsley laid on the tomb denoted death. The very dead themselves could not be decently left without flowers. They were crowned with wreaths while "laid out" for the mournful leave-takings of their friends; and the urns of the

richer sort, wherein their ashes were deposited after cremation, were also hung with garlands and chaplets. Only those of the rich, though; the poor man's urn was shrouded in dark cloths until its final removal. And then, when all was over, and the urn was placed in the tomb, parsley—sprung from the blood of Archemorus—and other funeral herbs were flung upon the stone, as the latest floral offering which affection could make. There was a proverb in Greece which showed the universality of this custom: "To have need only of parsley,"—that is, to be sick unto death.

But it was at their private feasts that the ancient Greeks revelled most in flowers. Chaplets and garlands for the guests and the flute-players, the dancers and the tumblers; garlands for the cups and the high-standing vases filled with Chian and Samian wine; the rose, dedicated by Love to Harpocrates, the god of silence, placed on or above the table, as a significant hint that whatever was heard there was not to be repeated; flowers, or, in their stead, odoriferous fruits held in the hand—the whole atmosphere impregnated with their odours, as the whole scene was brightened and beautified by their loveliness—this was the foremost place of the flower-world: it was at these feasts, these *symposia*, to which nothing in modern time can be compared, that they were most luxuriant and most passionately prized, that they best typified the Greek life and best embodied the Greek mind. And again, what public festival or religious rite could take place unaccompanied by flowers or plants? A simple garland of wild olive was the prize for which the Olympic games were framed and contested; the prize which bestowed on the victor that proudest privilege of all,—the right of giving his name to his Olympiad. At the Pythian games, commemorative of Apollo the slayer of the Python, the prize was a crown of laurel; at the Nemæan, one of fresh parsley; and at the Elean games it was of pine leaves—later, of parsley dried and withered—later again, of the original pine leaves. In religion it was the same. Not a suppliant approached the altar without first covering it with flowers and garlands; and in all the feasts and festivals connected with the state-worship, these formed one of the most important parts. At the Dionysia,—those comfortable rites during which no debtor could be arrested,—the vine and the ivy, the fir-tree and ripe figs, were the most conspicuous in the baskets, as the fruits and growths belonging of right to Bacchus. In the Eleusinian mysteries, the candidates for admission to the greater secrets were crowned with myrtle; those for admission to the less, with flowers of all kinds, indis-





criminally. The high-priest, or hierophant, of Eleusis anointed himself with the juice of hemlock, to enable him to better perform certain vows necessary to his condition, as the matrons who were to assist at the thesmophoria, or festivals of Ceres, strewed their beds with flea-bane, agnus-castus leaves, vine branches, &c., for a like purpose. The Delphic priestess, for her part, affected the bay or laurel—the Daphne, so dear to the god she served. She was crowned with bay, she eat the leaves for inspiration, she shook the branches round about the sacred tripod, and cast them into the sacred fire; and in all the festivals and rites peculiar to Apollo, the bay or laurel was a necessary accompaniment.

How many mystic trees and flowers the Greeks had! There must have been some remote physical cause, at present hidden, for all the strange myths which they hung round their woods and gardens. Why should they have ever said that the laurel was once poor Daphne, the river-god's hunted child? and why did they give such tragical antecedents to the cypress-trees as to make them the daughters of Eteocles, punished by this transformation for dancing more gracefully than the goddesses? Another legend has it, that it was a youth who, having killed a favourite stag of Apollo's, for grief pined away into a cypress-tree. And why were poplars Phaëthon's sisters? and why must the pan-pipes have been necessarily made out of the transformed members of poor Syrinx? Then there was Narcissus, whose fate and flower every one knows; and Hyacinthus, killed by a quoit, and made forthwith into a hyacinth bearing an eternal Aï Aï on his flowery heart; and the myrtle, who was once, they say, an Attic maiden, so beautiful, brave, and patient, that the youth of her city slew her for envy; and Myrrha, also once an unhappy mortal girl, transmuted to myrrh leaves for her sins. The pine was, in the flesh, the tall and graceful lover of Pan and Boreas, as the mint was that of Pluto, changed from maid to fragrant garden herb by the jealousy of Proserpine; the rose-campion sprang from the bath of Venus; the cabbage-rose from the tears of Lycurgus, enemy to Bacchus (raw cabbage was eaten as an antidote to drunkenness, which somewhat explains this myth); the anemone was the wind-flower; and the pheasant's-eye Adonis came from the blood of the unlucky boy when killed by the boar. Lettuces also were devoted to Adonis, as being the bed on which he was laid by Venus after his fatal hurt. They were grown in those strange "Adonis' gardens"—the shells filled with earth and quick-growing green herbs, which were carried about Athens during the Adoneia, the solemnities commemorative of his untimely death—and which gave rise to the proverb, "fleeing as an Adonis' garden," to express all things beautiful and transient. But why should cumin have been sown with curses? What did it do, or what was it supposed to have done? And surely rue made but a bad bordering for flower-beds! Our neat, trim box does better. But rue was so universally used as a border trimming that the saying, "You have not advanced beyond the rue," came to mean everything superficial and ignorant. Rue was held to be good against headaches, and kept in pots during winter for that purpose. Southernwood, too, our "lads'-love-and-lasses'-delight," or "old-man's-beard," was also grown

in pots, as was the basil-gentle. The basil was a great favourite with the Greeks, who had some original ideas respecting its culture. For instance, they always watered it at noonday, though every other plant was watered in the morning and evening. The rhododendron, or rose-red tree, was also a great favourite of theirs; so was "the little butting cyclamen," so loved by our grand old modern Greek, Walter Savage Landor; so was the cytisus; so were roses, white and red, mossed and smooth; and so were violets. Chief and prime of all were violets; most essentially Greek of all flowers; owning in Athens a market to themselves, and sellers specially denoted—the charm and delight of all the youth of Athens, and as dangerous as they were lovely. The violet was among flowers what the grasshopper was among insects; or rather what the golden grasshopper worn in the hair was meant to express; the sign and emblem of Greek autochthoneity, embodying the sentiment of nationality more than any other plant or tree might; in fact, what the rose is to England and the shamrock to Ireland—the national flower, more thoroughly Greek than all the rest. But we must leave that most magical "morning-land," and remount the long, shining ladder of time which we have just descended for a brief gossip in the flower-fields of the past, to come nearer home and nearer our own times. We shall find a great many "pretty prattles" about flowers, not generally much regarded; and if we were to take only that one point, why certain common flowers have received certain significant names, we might fill a longer paper than the Editors of the *National* would like to print. To glance at a few only. Why clematis has received the name of "traveller's-joy" is, because it decks and adorns "waies and hedges where people travel." Its other name, virgin's-bower, is simple enough; for what could be more appropriate to the young, gentle, dreamy girl, who haunts "bowers," than that chastest and most elegant, purest and most fragrant flower, the clematis? We need not go very far, then, to find the meaning of this. And so of many others. To call the meadow-sweet (*ulmaria*) Queen of the Meadows, is reasonable enough; for queen she is—right royal queen—by virtue of her graceful dignity, such as befiteth queens and sceptred women, and by virtue of her exceeding fragrance. What is sweeter than a field of waving *ulmaria*, shedding out its delicious odours in the evening air? She is well named, that meadow-queen, and we would not rob her of a jewel in her coronet; but, for justice' sake, we must speak admiringly of her rival, the noble corn-cockle (*agrostemma*), Crown of the Field, with his purple blossoms all a-blaze in the slanting, setting sun. The French have a pretty name for our daisy—our eye of day. They call her Marguerite, which meaneth pearl as well as "rare pale Margaret." They have named the common marigold by a less inviting name; it is synonymous with care, both being the same, *souci*. With us it means Mary's gold—Our Lady's gold. The marsh-marigolds are yellow golds, formerly the brave bassinets; and the mignonnette, French again, is but the little darling; as the dandelion is a corruption of lion's tooth—in French, *dent de lion*. The primrose, or *primula*, is the *prima rosa*—the first rose, or firstling of the spring; and the evening primrose



was named for us by our friends the ancient Greeks, who called it *anothera*, or catching the flavour of wine. That was on account of its "fruity" smell, as well as because its roots were eaten after those *symposia* we have spoken of, as olives are eaten to-day, to heighten the flavour of, and increase the desire for, wine.

No flower has more titles than the pansy. First, it is a *viola*, then it is a pansy, a corruption of *pensée*, thought; then it is "heart's ease," "jump up and kiss me," "call me to you," "kiss me behind the garden gate," and, worst of all, "step-mother and daughters." The cruel step-mother is the gaudy, richly-dressed lowest petal, and sits in an arm-chair, as any one may see who turns the flower round and examines the calyx, pulling the step-mother out of her place. The other two yellow or variegated petals, dressed like the step-mother, are her daughters, and they have a chair a-piece,—*ride* calyx,—while the uppermost two petals, in self colours, but most beautiful in their neglected sobriety, are the ill-used traditional step-daughters, who have only a stool between them. The columbine is from *columba*, because like a nest of doves in the concrete: pluck away all but two, with their bills joined, and you will see two doves kissing. It is also *aquilifolia*, or eagle-like; the petals, which some soft fancies take for doves, others, ruder and rougher, translating into eagles' claws. But the animal world has given many names to flowers. The geranium is only a crane's bill, and the pelargonium nothing but a stork's beak. We have mouse' tails and cat's tails, mare's tails, fox' tails, dog's tails, and horse' tails; a cock's foot and a goose' foot, a crow's foot and a bird's foot, which last, as a trefoil, is also called shoes-and-stockings; hare's ears, cat's ears, and mouse' ears; bird's eyes and ox' eyes; cow's lips and ox' lips; an adder's tongue, a hart's tongue, a hound's tongue, and an ox' tongue; a dog's tooth, as well as a bear's foot and a bear's ear; a goat's beard and a hawk's beard; a cock's comb, a weasel's snout, and an adder's head; lark' spurs and cock' spurs; and a pheasant's eye; while the creeping buttercup is Meg-of-many-toes, though of what race or nation tradition is silent. The ribwort-plantain is cocks-and-hens, and the double daisy is hen-and-chickens.

The champions are lamps (*lychnis*), because of the brilliancy of their colours: they are also all robins. The rose or red campion is the red robin, the white is the white robin, and the wild William, or meadow-pink, he with his crimson petals torn and streaming like a warrior's banners or a wild Indian's plume, is ragged robin. He is a different creature to that stately silver glory, the white convolvulus or bindweed, robin-run-the-hedge. And here let us quietly remark, that people in general sadly confound the bindweed and the woodbine, at least in name. The first is the wild convolvulus before mentioned, the bindweed—a weed among wild plants and shrubs; the second is the honey-suckle, the "bindwood"—a wood like the tree it climbs. Also between worts and weeds people make sad confusion. Worts, called since in the aggregate herbs, are all the useful and medicinal plants, such as liver-wort, held good against diseases of the liver; spleen-wort, against diseases of the spleen; lung-wort, a specific against consumption; wound-wort, a famous styptic; milk-wort, to increase milk in cows and other mothers; flea-

bane, to first drive off the offending insect, and flea-wort and bug-wort, to heal the bites of both sponsorial monsters. So on to a long catalogue. The distinction is not a fanciful one, and ought to be borne in mind.

Other flowers have more questionable properties. The celandine, or swallow-wort, is the herb which the swallow finds and uses to cure the blindness of her young. Hence the celandine is good for blindness. The fumitory is a marvellous agent in exorcisms. It was called fumitory from *fumus*, smoke, because, when burnt, its smoke expelled evil spirits. The flax-weed (a hedge-mustard) was called *sophia chirurgorum*, the wisdom of surgeons, and could do all that arnica and wet compresses are assumed now-a-days to accomplish in the way of healing and soothing; and fern-seed rendered the bearer invisible. The quicken, or rowan, or witch-ash, or mountain-ash—for it has many aliases—can avert the deadliest spells which the wickedest of old witches ever laid on innocent humanity. The witch-elm is held to do the like. But as its present name is only a corruption of its former Saxon epithet of wych or village elm, we will not insist on its anti-witchcraft virtues. The garlic treacle-mustard—what an epitome of gastronomy!—has two names eminently significant of character and action,—sauce-all-alone and Jack-by-the-hedge. What a scrambling, thriftless, and not specially odoriferous plant! John-go-to-bed-at-noon—quite a respectable person, if not a sluggard—is the yellow goat's-beard, and Good King Henry is a goose-foot. The poor man has a weather-glass in the scarlet pimpernel; codlings-and-cream in the willow-herb; cheeses in mallow seeds; a purse in the *capsella bursa pastoris*, and wealth to stock it with in the trailing money-wort. St. Patrick is supposed to have finished off his supper of "ten hundred thousand vipers blue," with a dish of London-pride, or none-so-pretty,—at all events, it is called St. Patrick's cabbage. St. Barbara, too, gave her name to the winter-cress; St. John has a whole family of worts to himself; and St. Dabeoc, whoever he might be, took full possession of a certain heath. The ladies have been well cared for. They have mantles, and slippers, and bed-straws, and a garment which we are too polite now to mention. They gave their tresses and their fingers to certain flowers, and the soft maiden gave her hair to name the daintiest little fern alive. Venus has a comb, and a looking-glass, and slippers; otherwise she is not well represented in her toilet. Bachelors have buttons, which is more than they deserve, and old men have beards, in the flower-garden. The blue-bottle, blue-ball, blue-blow, hurt-sickle, corn-flower, and blue-bonnets, otherwise *centaurea*, is one of the old-man's-beards growing up from the earth; southernwood is another; while *senecio*, or groundsel, is the old man himself.

But what a collection of characteristic names has been given to the red poppy! It is the corn-rose, the cop or cup-rose, the canker-rose, the red-weed, and, best of all, head-wark,—wark meaning in the north "working," or ache; while the rest-harrow calls on the labourer to be still, for his labour is in vain; and King Charles in the oak may be seen any day in the cut stem of the fern.

If you want a true lover's knot, find the four-leaved herb-Paris; if you want to see a Prince's feather, or



how Love looks when he lies a-bleeding, seek out the blood-red amaranth; the spider-wort will show you Love in a mist, or the devil in a bush, as you may fancy; and you are never without aristocratic society if you are in the presence of the arums, for are they not lords and ladies, as well as cuckoo-pints and wake-robins? The nasturtium comes from *nasus tortus*, a twisted nose, because it is pungent, and affects that feature in the graphic manner described by its name; a more heroic sound is that of *tropæolum*, by which it is now the fashion to call it, for this means trophy, the flower figuring the empty helmet, and the leaf the buckler. The pasque-flower is only the Easter-flower prettily disguised, as the gilly-flower is the July-flower. The carnation is the "fleshy" flower; the hellebore is "death-food;" the fritillary is only a chess-board; the *dulcamara*, or bitter-sweet, is literally the sweet-bitter; Eastern giants resolve themselves into a snake-weed, or bistort; the ranunculus is a little frog; and the saintfoin, irreverently called after donkies, was once a holy grass.

But what noble names some of the exotics have! Fancy a tribe of *chrysobalanaceæ*, or golden-acorned trees! Why, the very name carries one back to Homer, with his wealth of epithets,—his rosy-fingered Eôs and far-darting Phoibos, his silver-ankled Thetis and laughter-loving Aphrodite. And who could not find beauty in the *chrysiphiala*, or golden goblets? and does not the golden flower, the *chrysanthemum*, owe half its honour to its stately name? *Kalosanthus*, beautiful flower, must perforce be among the loveliest of its kind; and if Chryseis, captive of Agamemnon, king of men, has given her golden name to that unpronounceable *eschscholtzia*, ought we not to be grateful? and do we not find even greater beauty in those golden cups? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, it is true; but there is something in a name, after all; and so any one would find who should attempt a poem on the beauties of the "puzzle-monkey" tree, or on the charms of the *schizanthus* or the *schizopetalon*, on a macaw-tree, a monkey-flower, or a spider-wort. It has been a great mistake to call new flowers after human names. Some certainly run well enough, and have even a grand sound. We have no fault to find with magnolia, and bignonia may pass—we might find meaner sounds; the lonicera is not bad, though the honeysuckle is better; and use has reconciled us to the pœony, the kalmia, the dahlia, and the fuchsia, all of which are botanised human names. But when we come to *Collinsias*, *Cattleyas*, *Wisterias*, and that awful *Eschscholtzia*,—when some of our loveliest flowers are catalogued as *Walkerii* of Walker, *Hookerii* of Hooker, *Salisburgense* of Salisbury, *Henningii* of Henning; when we have a *Jenkinsii*, a *Gibsonii*, and a *Dalhousianum* in one genus alone,—when a *Cattleya* is further claimed as a *Loddigesii*, a *Russelliana*, a *Forbesii*,—when a *Thunbergia*, of itself bad enough, is still more vilified by being cut off into a sub-group of *Hawtayneana*,—when a pretty little chrysanthemum-like flower is dwarfed into a zinnia—so very like a zany—we cannot say that greenhouse nomenclature is of no consequence, or that flowers, with all these crabbed, mean, and meaningless names, are as dear to us as if they had been worthily and nobly called. Fancy a garden of snow-flakes and gold-leaves, of silver-weeds, meadow-

sweets, wind-flowers, and goldy-locks, of sweet-gales and meadow-queens, maiden's-hair and satin-flowers, bonny blue-bells and forget-me-nots, of the bee-orchis and the butterfly, sweet-Cicelys, sensitive-plants, golden-rods, and Bethlehem-stars, of sundews and of white-beams, of star-thistles and of purple loose-strifes. What a collection of poetic images this list calls up! What a chord of sweetest sounds—what a mosaic of loveliest forms! Each word has its idea and image with it; but what do we get of picture or impression when we read of a *Swartzia* or a *Petiveria*, a *Gaertnera* or a *Funkia*? Floriculture may be more scientific now than of old, and it is certainly more interesting; but it has a less poetic vocabulary, and a far less poetic application. If we could have called up one of the old Greek poets from those fields of Asphodel, where he is supposed to walk, and given him our new importations to catalogue, what a rich index we should have had to all our flower-books! How the old Greek poetry would have condensed itself into a phrase, and the old Greek heart have spoken in the names! But, alas! we have only prosaic nineteenth-century men to write our herbals now-a-days; and they think to do good service to the world by calling flowers by names which no one can properly pronounce, and which, when pronounced, have neither meaning nor dignity, neither use nor beauty.

E. L. L.

#### THE LAST TRIAL OF MADAME DE PALISSY.

BY W. J. GRANT.

BERNARD PALISSY was one of the most remarkable of those men who have conquered fortune through indomitable energy and unconquerable devotion to a single purpose. Born of poor parents, he had little or no education except such as he was able to procure for himself. His first step was made by acquiring the art of land-surveying; he next overcame the difficulties which then stood in the way of a knowledge of chemistry; after which he proceeded to study art, and by copying the works of the great masters in painting, he made himself a painter. At length a piece of enamelled pottery, of a peculiar description, fell in his way, the manufacture of which was guarded with all the mystery and jealousy so characteristic of the period, and with this his fancy was so struck, that he determined to devote himself to discovering the secret of its composition. For years and years he pursued his investigations, expending not only the little money he had previously amassed, but all he could obtain by borrowing and begging. The world regarded him as a madman, and treated him with laughter, with threats of imprisonment, and with scornful pity. It was not till after sixteen years of this life, when he had burned his tables, his chairs, and part of the very flooring of his house, as fuel for the insatiable furnaces of his laboratory, that success rewarded his perseverance, and he became a great and a rich man. The story which Mr. Grant's picture illustrates is told of that period of his life when he was reduced to utter extremity. The last morsel of gold, essential for his experiments, that he could procure by borrowing had been exhausted: no trinket remained in the house, save only his wife's wedding-ring: this she, with the noble devotion which had borne her through all former trials and privations, volunteered to sacrifice, and he—such is the fanaticism of art—accepted it, and dropped it into the crucible. Whether the experiment was that which brought him fortune or not, we cannot say: but by the rules of poetical justice this "last trial" should have been so rewarded.

Mr. Grant's picture has been selected as one of the prizes of the Glasgow Art-Union.

L. L.





THE LAST TRIAL OF MADAME PALISSY. BY W. J. GRANT.



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## THE TEMPLE LANE TRAGEDY.

## PART II.

MR. ROYSTON occasionally entertained at his chambers select little batches of his friends, and very festal evenings resulted. There is an advantage which the parties of bachelors enjoy over other *réunions*: no guests are invited solely upon the conventional suggestions of social policy. The A's are never asked simply because they live next door to the B's (whom every one dislikes), because they are so *liés* with the C's, who are desirable people, and who will, when old D dies, which can't be long hence, come in for no end of money. It is a limited and choice band that gains admission behind the scenes of a bachelor's life, pierces the *arcana* of his single blessedness, mounts *au troisième* to view one of Fashion's whilom ornaments in direst *déshabille*, puffing a pipe of most democratic tobacco, cooking a chop over his own fire, or swallowing beer from the pewter with the force of the most inveterate of bargemen. There are phases in the recognition a man receives from his fellows in the world, and the bachelor who in an invitation to his chambers uncurtains his life to you has given the fullest acknowledgment possible of the regard in which he holds you. Short of so grand a liberality are little dinners at the Brunswick, the Star and Garter, or superfine entertainments on the second floor of M. Kühn's, in Hanover Street. Delicious *symposia* doubtless, but slightly unreal—with something of the leaven of social falsity about them. There is no fear of the tangibility of a short pipe and a pewter pot fading away like Cinderella's ball-room magnificence; but it is only to Brobdinag incomes, too bulky to be sceptical, that Madame Clicquot's effervescent nectar can assume the positivism of every-day fact, or be other than a dreamlike and brief-spanned delight of intermittent existence. There can be no crinoline of sham round life in a garret. You are at once at the very bones of real being, and so it is perhaps quite as well to permit only friends to inspect the anatomy.

Perhaps Mr. Royston was of this way of thinking. At any rate, the men he assembled in his rooms were eminently his intimates. And further, as he was as bright, gay, and good-tempered a fellow as one needed to know, none but those more or less possessed of such attributes were to be found at his parties. A charming *bonhomie* prevailed in consequence. There were none of those stony ignoring looks which so distinguish the glances of strangers thrown together in politer *salons*. Jack had a reputation for shrewd perception; and his guests were quite aware that whoever they might meet in his rooms were there by a title good as their own, and of right qualified to rank one of their set. Turn to what part of the room you might, you were at full liberty to strike into any knot of conversationalists, or throw your mite of jest or observation into the common cauldron: no one would resent your interference or, by way of acknowledgment, seek, by hard staring, to melt you into your boots.

Mr. Royston's profession I have already alluded to; his means of livelihood had a multifarious, if not an uncertain character. The same difficulty in the nomi-

nation of their occupations attached to his friends. The world is hardly yet prepared to recognise journalism as a profession or, indeed, as a method of supporting life. It has been so long in the habit of esteeming as a penny-a-liner, or one remove from a street cadger, any one who may write in a newspaper, that journalists have scarcely yet had the courage to give over qualifying for barristers, by way of assuming a recognised profession. There were many followers of the indistinct vocation of letters to be found at the gatherings in Rowden Buildings. There were many students of the "fine" and other arts. There were others to whom, admitting even the occupations of letters and journalism, it was yet rather difficult to assign any particular walk of industry. Intellectual *condottieri*, ready to go in for any and everything. Clever, with no prescribed position, always hard up, and yet somehow always spending money. Mental gamblers, who venture their wits against other people's wealth, and squander alike whether they win or lose. Human shooting-stars, who spring from nothing, and fall back into obscurity, and yet sometimes shine their brief flash brilliantly enough. Bearded men, somewhat unkempt, with bright eyes glittering out of rather hollowed caverns, with ringing laughs and vigorous action, while they rolled out their talk in strong and striking language. They were not particular in their subjects—would have shocked Tooting very likely; were not reverent of many things; were caustic and satirical; and would, probably, rather some one should suffer by a jest than that it should be withheld altogether. But they were good fellows too, and had sound hearts, as hearts go, though they did beat behind rather tarnished shirt-fronts; and thought sometimes right and manly thoughts, though their clothes might savour somewhat of tobacco. What would have astonished a stranger more, perhaps, than anything else, had he broken in upon one of the *réunions* in Rowden Buildings, was the universality of the men present, and that chamois activity of mind by which they could leap from one subject to another, and yet appear to have knowledge of and interest in all.

Some four months after the occurrence of the events narrated in Part I., Jack Royston had a *soirée* at his rooms in Rowden Buildings. The visitor, as he mounted the stairs, soon arrived at the conviction that something unwonted was going on at the top, for a din of many voices penetrated the outer door of Jack's chamber, and descended even to the first-floor landing. Arrived at the door, it became necessary to knock pretty loudly with your stick or umbrella against the oak, when would appear Mrs. Grady, her face ruddy from additional labour and excitement, or perhaps from stronger causes; or Jack Royston, with his cheery, sunny face, his genial "By Jove," his jolly laugh, and his hearty grasp of the hand; and in another minute your hat was stowed away, Heaven only knows where, and you were launched into an apartment filled by the smoke of a dozen pipes, through which the smokers could only be filmily traced.

"We're doing honour to little Tom Eddis," cries Jack; "he's just come home from Constantinople. You can't see him just now for the smoke of his hookah; when that's cleared away, you'll see as much of him as his fez will let you."



"How are you, Tom?"

"How are you, old fellow?"

"He's grown, hasn't he?" cries Jack, "since he's been away."

"Yes, his beard," shouts some one.

"Don't talk to the friend of the Sultan in that way," says another; "you'll endanger our Oriental relations."

"Ah! how's your Oriental relation—eh, Tom?"

"Pour on," sings out little Tom Eddis, majestically stroking his long beard, and a row of white teeth breaking out in his sun-browned face; "pour on, particularly the beer."

"When's Tom's book coming out?"

"What book?"

"His *Tour in Turkey*."

"That's not the name of it. It's to be called *Eighteen-penn'orth of Turkey*."

"Roast or boiled?" asks some one.

"Devilled," says another.

"For shame!" cries Jack.

The object of these attacks, a bright-looking little fellow, with a treble voice and a sharp, short, merry laugh, seemed as much amused as the rest at the comments and criticisms with which he was bombarded.

"He's a character," as Jack describes him, *sotto voce*, to a friend. "His foible is a defiance of all social discipline—a passion for vagrancy. He's got money, or had it once, at any rate, and might have got on in anything, but he wouldn't. He elects to be under a cloud, prefers night to day, shuns the reputable, and dotes on the vague. He lives in impenetrable lodgings, and never is there, but only to be heard of. He's the waif of accident, and starts off at a tangent for any quarter of the globe his fancy suggests. Absent, he corresponds with no one, but gives orders he's to be advertised for if he's wanted, and he'll turn up, if it's only to get the reward himself. He's rather fond of administering strong stories of his adventures; and it's a part of his humour to ascribe to political motives the abruptness of his journeys, and the secrecy of his returns. He deals in the marvellous, in fact, but always has himself implicit belief in what he narrates. Some one has described him as a 'conscientious liar.'"

"You've been to Cairo, haven't you, Tom?"

"Just come back—about that infernal canal! Precious work! I saw a certain noble lord—you know who—yesterday. He's satisfied—grateful, in fact—so I think it's all right."

"I thought yours was a commercial mission."

"Oh, the other thing! The purchase of one of the Pyramids. Well, I had only to sound, you know, not to conclude. I think it's to be done."

"What's that about the Pyramid?" asks Jack.

"The Sphinx, he means," says some one. "Tom's turned Mussulman, and asked her hand in marriage. The only difficulty is about the settlements."

"No," explains Tom; "it's an English company formed to buy up one of the Pyramids for exhibition here. It's proposed to stick it up in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They've measured, and find it will just fit in. They've already obtained permission of the Benchers. They'll board it in, and exhibit it at a shilling a-head."

"Not a bad idea," says Jack.

"No," continues the traveller; "only the Emperor

remonstrates against it as a bit-by-bit annexation of Egypt."

"Is it true, Tom, you've brought over a tame crocodile?"

"No; it's a joke. There was some talk of my engaging a troop of performing alligators starring it at Alexandria for the Drury Lane pantomime. But the negotiation went off."

"Were they clever?"

"Oh, very! They could do *la perche*, the double *trapèze*, and nearly all Frikell's tricks with cards."

In another part of the room:—

"Is that your play at the Haymarket, Nacker?"

"No."

"I thought it was—it's so bad."

"Rook is authorised to be critical on the drama. He once wrote a farce."

"From the French."

"And a tragedy."

"And nobody was ever able to find out which was which."

"I beg your pardon," says Rook; "it was not a tragedy, it was a burlesque——"

"Same thing."

"And it had a run."

"On Miss Spanker's legs."

"They'd need to have been strong ones. It was hideously heavy."

"Now then, who's for oysters?"

"I'll finish my smoke on the parapet;" and Tom Eddis mounted to the window, and got out.

"There's a good view here," says Rook. "The River Thames, Bedlam, the Shot Tower, the roof of the Vic., and Waterloo Bridge. A man living here might write statistics of suicide, take the traffic over the bridge—into the river."

"There's a better view from my window," remarks Tom, critically.

"Where is your window?"

"Why, he lives in the Albany."

"No; Plumstead Common."

"Paradise Row, Whitechapel."

"Eaton Square."

"No. 99 New Cut."

"Short's Rents, Somers Town."

"Dark Arches, Adelphi."

Tom laughed. "I am living at the end of Essex Street, Strand. My room on the top floor looks on to the Temple, and up and down the river—a very fine view.—My pipe's out; let's go in and try the oysters."

There was great shell-fish eating for some minutes. Tom was standing near the mantel-piece, making large crescent-shaped mutilations of a slice of bread and butter. "I am curious, I am," says Tom, taking up a miniature-case. "Whose photograph's this?"

Jack reddened. "Oh, no one's," he answered.

"Then she's a pretty woman."

"Why, it's one of the Brownsmith girls!" cries Rook, looking over Tom's shoulder.

"Hush! Don't be a fool! By Jove!" and Jack pocketed the miniature.

"I've put my foot in it," says Tom. "That comes of asking questions. Halloo! what's this cross in the almanack against the 13th of May?"





RABBIT-SHOOTING. BY FREDERICK TAYLER.

MR. F. TAYLER has here introduced us into a different sphere of action to that in which he generally rejoices. Instead of a Highland mountain-side, or the torrent-worn banks of a Scottish river or loch, or the interior of a hut, we have a rough piece of English waste used for a rabbit-warren, and the rugged masses of tree-roots which hold together the gravel are studded here and there with holes, the entrances to their habitations; and in the intricacies of the roots, deep underground, are the "palace chambers" of the brethren of the white tail. Snug some of these places must be in the winter, overhung with briers to keep the wind out, devious and intricate to prevent the intrusion of strangers, and having as many chambers as a palace for change and varieties of taste. Indeed, a dozen rabbits might enjoy themselves royally in these happy places, were it not for certain long-backed, light-footed, merciless, blood-thirsty ferrets and weasels, who track poor "bunny" to his destruction, and creep up the alleys, bearing a terrifying odour about them, that the rabbit knows and flies from. Beautiful adaptation it is of purpose, that his adversary's fetor should be his safeguard and warning of mischief!

Two-legged sportsmen are nothing in comparison with

those dire, lithe wretches, striped with gray and brown, whom men name stoats and polecats. Conceive an old rabbit meditating over a carrot, on the respective amounts of risk he encounters from carnivorous man and carnivorous beast. "What signifies pot-shots, or even dogs?" says he; "it's only now and then, after all; one must take one's chance of being knocked over: one sees and one hears *them* coming: if I were an elephant, they could not make more noise in hunting me. But to be quietly munching a sweet turnip in the moonlight, and a horrid brute seize me by the throat—ugh! ugh!" All rabbit-shooters know that there is only one little error in such meditations,—like those of men, they are incomplete. Our rabbit takes not into account the fact that, with regard to dangers from man, he carries his worst enemy about him, in the shape of a pretty white patch upon his tail—excellent as an ornament, no doubt; although, unhappily, he cannot enjoy the sight of it himself. This is called his scut, and is his Judas and his ruin; for at it the sportsman aims, as at the bull's-eye of his skipping target. Most sportsmen firmly believe it was placed there by Providence as a mark for them, and in order to simplify the art of rabbit-shooting. L. L.

"That's the date of the tragedy."

"The what?"

"The Temple Lane tragedy." Rook gave him a short narrative of that event.

"Well, that's strange: I missed it in the newspapers. The 13th of May—why, that's the very day I left for Turkey. And, now I think of it, I remember looking out of my window in Essex Street, about dusk the night before, and seeing——"

Tom stopped. There was a face ghastly pale, looking towards him with a frightened, supplicating look.

"No; I'm wrong," he went on, in an altered voice.

"I'll try six more oysters—only six. Thank you; not one more, or I shall have eaten too many. Nearly putting my foot into it again, I'm thinking," he muttered

to himself. "Rook, who's the old man with the white hair at the sides?"

"And bald at the top? Old Tressell, from the second floor, next door."

"Thank you. I'll take the beer after you." Then, to himself,—*Tressell. Ah! I know the name; he's written some books. I've heard they're good. What did he mean by looking at me like that? Second floor?—next door?—13th of May? That's funny. Fine old fellow! Aristocratic too. Bright blue eyes and heavy gray eyebrows. Small fine features and delicate hands. There's something strange here.*

The party had lasted some hours, and at length began to break up. Tom was taking his leave, when a glance from Tressell detained him.



"I have to thank you very much," said Tressell to Tom Eddis, when the rest had departed, "for having desisted in your narrative."

"It seemed to me," remarked Tom, "that it would be more agreeable to you that I should stop: I did so."

"I owe you much gratitude," said Tressell, hurriedly; "but—but there are only us three here now: will you continue what you were about to relate?"

"Certainly," answered Tom, looking rather troubled, but filling his pipe in a composed and deliberate manner.

"Forgive me, Royston," and Tressell turned to Jack, "for seeming to intrude on you in this manner; I am aware it is quite time we should take our leave."

"Not a bit of it," answered Jack; "only put more grog in your glasses, and I'll shut the window, for the morning wind blows rather sharply."

Tom had now re-lighted his pipe, and was smoking calmly, with regular intervals between each puff, for he was something bewildered at the strange manner of Tressell.

"I have very little to tell," he began: "I was merely going to state that, on the eve of the 13th of May, the date against which the cross is made in the almanack, and also the date on which I started on my mission to Egypt and Turkey,"—he paused, as though to allow his audience time to be impressed with the importance of his journey,—"I was looking out of my garret-window, at the end of Essex Street. If it were light, you could see the window from here. It is a lofty situation, and commands a fine view. You can see the Crystal Palace easily. I used to sit there and smoke in the evening. I am curious, I am; it's part of my character; a weak part, perhaps, but that I can't help. I was in the habit of foxing off the neighbourhood; that means"—to Tressell, who looked up at the word—"taking stock of, watching, reconnoitring, through a powerful glass which I possess, and which I have had for some time: it was particularly useful to me during the campaign I served in Hungary, under Georgei;" Jack started; it was the first time he had heard of Tom's connexion with the Hungarian struggle; "indeed," Tom went on, puffing with an air of consummate magnificence, "the glass was given me by that general. I was looking towards the Temple—why, I know not—probably I was taking a sort of mental farewell of Jack and his rooms. Not that he knew I was living so near, though. It was half-past seven: it's astonishing the lot of clocks you can hear from my window. It was rather dusk, still one could see pretty plainly, and I was looking through a glass. I saw a man at the second-floor window of a house in this row. It was not this house, but next door."

"It was the window of my room," said Tressell, feebly: "go on."

"He opened the window hurriedly, and looked out. There was a strange anxiety of manner about him that made me watch him. He looked over his shoulder, then down, then up, and ended in stepping on to the window-sill. I confess I was puzzled to know what his game was."

Tressell wiped his forehead. Jack stared. Tom quietly took in the proceedings of both with a glance, and continued:—

"Close to this window there is a pipe for carrying off the rain-water. We'll step out into the gutter afterwards, and I shall be able to point it out to you better. You can reach it, stretching out from the window below. The man stood on the window-sill, and holding on with his left hand to the cords of an outside Venetian blind attached to the window, with the other he struck out to grasp the top of the pipe. He missed his grasp; his hand struck against the pipe, but not high enough to clutch the mouth of it. He overbalanced, and would have fallen, but for his hold on to the ropes of the blind. He yet retained one foot on the window-sill, however, and so, with what little help he could get by leaning against the pipe, he contrived to ease a little his strain on the cords, and to keep himself up. I watched him with interest. I thought it was all over with him."

Tom took a drink.

"I kept my eye on him. He appeared to be endeavouring, still keeping his elbow pressed against the pipe—it must have been a fearful strain—endeavouring to get something out of his breast pocket. I saw what it was at last. It was a large knife. He bent down his head, and opened the blade with his teeth. I confess that I admired the pluck of the fellow. This takes some time to tell—it did not occupy nearly so long in action. Well, he opened the knife, and pushing against it with his hand and body,—not leaving go the cord on one side, you understand, nor removing his elbow from the pipe on the other,—he contrived to thrust the knife in between two bricks. By this means he drew himself up, until he was able to rest one knee—the right—on the projecting haft of the knife, when, reaching up cautiously, he was at length in a position to clutch the mouth of the pipe. This time he succeeded, and still drawing himself up,—it was not a nice task, and I felt rather sick at seeing him do it,—he gained the top of the pipe, and to this parapet, leaving the knife sticking in the wall."

"Well," said Jack, nervously, "well, he got up; was that all you saw?"

"No," replied Tom, puffing a cloud of smoke, as though to envelope himself in an oracular mist; "no, it wasn't. He got on to the parapet, and found himself just opposite the window of the chambers next to these, which were at that time to let."

"Yes," said Jack, "Smithers didn't come in until Midsummer."

"Well, he tried the window of the empty room, but couldn't open it. Cat-like in his movements, he came on stealthily to the next window—the window of the very room we're sitting in!"

"By Jove!" cried Jack, faintly.

"That window was also fastened, however."

"I know. I closed it before I went out."

"Yes. But it was more in use than the window of the empty room. He pressed against it, shook it, pushed one side of the frame up, the other down—it opened, and he got in—here."

Tressell stood up, pressing his hands against his head.

"By Jove! And he fastened the window after him?"

"Yes. He came back after a minute, and looked out."

"You saw his face, then—well?"

"I did."

"What was he like?"



"As well as I could see—it was rather dusk—he was young, spare, beneath the middle stature, though taller than me, I daresay. He wore a beard, rather light in colour. What bothered me was, that somehow the face seemed familiar to me. Somewhere I had seen the man before."

Tressell glanced earnestly at Tom.

"Where I had seen him I cannot think. His look, as he gazed down at the danger he had surmounted——"

Tressell hid his face, and leant against the mantel-shelf.

"By Heaven!" cried Tom, warmly, "I shall never forget his face as he looked out. It was the most ghastly thing I ever saw in my life. It seemed perfectly livid with fear. I could fancy a cold faintness had come over him—that a cry of agony was bubbling from his lips—that a sickening sensation of horror had almost paralysed him. He closed the window——"

"And sank back," said Tressell, in a strange, hoarse voice,—“sank back, a corpse, in the very chair in which you are now sitting.”

Tom Eddis started; but, recovering himself, puffed his pipe more violently, and through the mist thus created stared steadily at Tressell.

"It is time," said Tressell, in a low voice, "that I should give my share of explanation. You remember, Royston, my coming up here? I knew you slightly before, and am proud that we have been intimate and friends since. You remember my gathering the particulars of your finding the body here?"

"I remember, certainly."

"And our going afterwards to view the body?"

"Yes; perfectly."

"And that I failed to identify it?"

"You did so."

"Yes," cried Tressell, passionately, "I did not recognise it, because *I would not!* but——it was the body of my own child!"

"Yours, Tressell!"

"Mine! My own child! My only son!"

There was a dead silence. At length, in a subdued manner, Tressell said,—

"You will condemn me, perhaps, for acting as I did. It must seem to you heartless—cruel. But hear me first. I will be as brief as I can, with justice to you—to myself—to him who is gone. My name, as you know, is Tressell—Bryan Tressell. I come of a very old Cornish family. I am aware I am speaking to men who will not greatly sympathise with any sentimental pride of lineage; but, from my earliest childhood, I was impressed to be proud of my name; and I have been proud of it—too proud, perhaps. On my coming of age—my father died in my youth—the possession of large landed property in the extreme west of Cornwall devolved upon me. Some few years afterwards I married one whom I loved dearly—tenderly. But in the first year of our marriage my wife died, giving birth to twin children—a boy and girl. God only knows how terribly I suffered. However, I hugged my children to my heart, and loved them as I had loved her who died to give them to me. Pardon me if I am tedious. My children grew up. My little Laura, all that her mother had been; my son, Hugh——" His voice failed him, and he stopped.

"It is hard—strange," he went on faintly, after a time, "to hear such a story from a father's lips. But it must be told. As though the good and bad qualities that compose the nature of a human being had been, in this case, divided between the twins, in Laura every virtue seemed to be centred, in Hugh was gathered every vice. Sullen and crafty as a boy, these errors grew upon him as he advanced in years. He appeared to be without any perception of right and wrong, had not the slightest regard for truth, and no appreciation of honour or principle. I sought in every way to awaken in him a sense of what was right, what was due to himself and to others in these respects. In vain. He was abroad with his tutor. To my astonishment, acceptances in my name for large amounts were presented to me for payment. A mere boy, he had lost money at the gaming-table, and relieved himself from the embarrassments so entailed upon him by these forgeries. I paid the bills. I went to him, remonstrated with him, urged upon him the crime he had committed. He seemed overwhelmed with grief and remorse—promised amendment—expressed extreme contrition. It was but a trick to be rid of me. Hardly had I arrived home when further acceptances appeared, given since my leaving him. They afterwards came in incessantly. But my fortune was ample. With an aching heart I met the claims upon me, still hoping—praying—that the worst had come, and that exposure and shame might yet be averted, and my name saved from dishonour. But I had yet more to undergo. By and by his course on the Continent was to be learnt by his crimes, as a wounded man is traced by his blood. At Genoa, he was horsewhipped by an Englishman for cheating at cards. At Naples, he was apprehended on a charge of conspiring, with a gang of others, for purposes of fraud. At Florence, he was arrested as a forger and coiner, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In every foreign town had his name become known as a synonym of infamy. He had long before this thrown off all the control I ever possessed over him. If they contained no remittance, or but expostulations on his conduct, my letters were returned to me without comment. He had insulted and dismissed the gentleman appointed to travel with him. All my urgent entreaties that he should return home he had met with contempt, or answered by defiance. Once again had I gone myself to seek him, and endeavour, by my presence, to stimulate him to a sense of his duty, not only as a son, but as a man. I encountered him in the public gaming-room at Baden. My remonstrances were met by insults—more—at his hands—aye, from my own child—God, that I should live to tell it!—I received blows! He struck me in the presence of a room crowded with spectators!" His voice trembled so, he was unable to continue for some minutes.

"You can judge to what a depth he had fallen, how completely I had abandoned all hope of his reformation, when I tell you that it was almost with pleasure I learnt of his incarceration at Florence. The prison walls would at least prevent the perpetration of new infamies. I even prayed—Heaven forgive me if there was impiety in the prayer!—that he might not living quit that prison. Oh, do not think me harsh or unnatural! Mine is no heart of iron. I loved that



boy, whose baby form I had pressed against my heart so often; over whose cradle I had so often hung, praying for strength to do a father's duty by my children! I loved him. He might have lavished my fortune to the last farthing—insulted me—struck me—and I had loved him still. But he disgraced my name. Oh, Heaven! did I too proudly seek to keep it unsullied? and is this humiliation my punishment? It is severe—it is severe!”

Much agitated, he rose and walked hurriedly about the room. No one spoke. Gradually becoming more collected, he resumed his seat and continued:—

“My fortune was ample; but it had received a severe shock. My unhappy son had had no conscience—no hesitation—in his fraud. He had poured on these false bills. It was only an occasional flow of good fortune, or some successful scheme of fraud, that interrupted the regularity of their appearance. To meet these engagements coming in at all times, and for all amounts, I had made large sacrifices, and had been at times considerably embarrassed to find the sums required. I had even been compelled to apply the money I had set apart for the benefit of my daughter Laura. Then was started a company for working a mine alleged to have been discovered in the neighbourhood of my estates. I wish to tire you with no prolonged narrative. The scheme was opened to me, and appeared to promise very important results. Anxious to recover, if possible, the amounts I had been compelled to expend on my son's behalf, and believing in the venture, I invested largely. Suffice it to say, the whole speculation was a bubble and a fraud. Enormous claims were made upon me. I met them all. No demand to the extent of the smallest coin but what I met in full. At what a sacrifice! I was compelled to resign everything. Estates that had been in my family for years, which were some of the most famous in the country as prolonged hereditary properties, passed from me, and were sold for the benefit of my creditors. They were all paid. No man is in a position to say he has suffered one farthing loss on my account. With much to be sorry for, with a heart aching almost to agony, I may yet be proud of this. I left Cornwall, dispossessed of every acre in it, and too late in life to hope, as Hastings did commencing his career, to repossess once more the old ancestral manse. My poor child Laura went for a short time to reside with some relations of her mother. I came to London—it always seems a Golconda to a poor and absent man—came to London, to seek a livelihood by my pen. I had ever been possessed of literary tastes. I worked hard for very small pay. Still I could live, and, hoping to secure some appointment, from connection with a member of the Government, qualified for the bar. I did not then reside here, but in lodgings in a suburban district, where after a time my daughter joined me. It is wonderful with what a strong and enduring courage a woman's gentle nature—the sacrifice once become inevitable—acquiesces in reverses of fortune even the most cruel. For Laura the change—no less than the main cause of it—was indeed terrible. She bore it nobly. If she sorrowed, it was only because she could see how acutely I felt the severity of our reverse. Her love and her tenderness for me seemed to redouble. For a time

we were almost happy, when, one day, my son appeared before me. Attired in rags, and fearfully emaciated, he was scarcely recognisable. With a gang of other prisoners he had effected a most daring escape from confinement, and, partly by begging, and partly by less honest means, had contrived to make his way through the Continent. How he had evaded the vigilance of the police and crossed the frontiers, I have never been able to understand. Probably, however, his course of life had introduced him to the brotherhood of the fraudulent, and everywhere he might meet men at whose hands, as followers of a like profession, he was entitled to claim assistance. With the Continental police, moreover, there is a dangerous understanding with the dishonest. He had made his way into Switzerland, and somehow gained employment for a while as a common labourer on a railroad constructing there. Then, purloining the passport of a brother workman, he had journeyed to the North of France, crossed in a fishing-boat to Jersey, and thence worked his way over in a sailing vessel to Plymouth. From there he had begged his way to the old home in Cornwall, only to find it tenantless, and his injured family gone he could scarcely ascertain whither. But he had found us out at last.

“What is it you seek?” I asked.

“Food, first of all. I am starving.”

“His wants in this respect were attended to.”

“And now?”

“Money.”

“I have none. You have taken care of that.”

“I don't want reproaches,” he answered. “I want money. I must have it, too.”

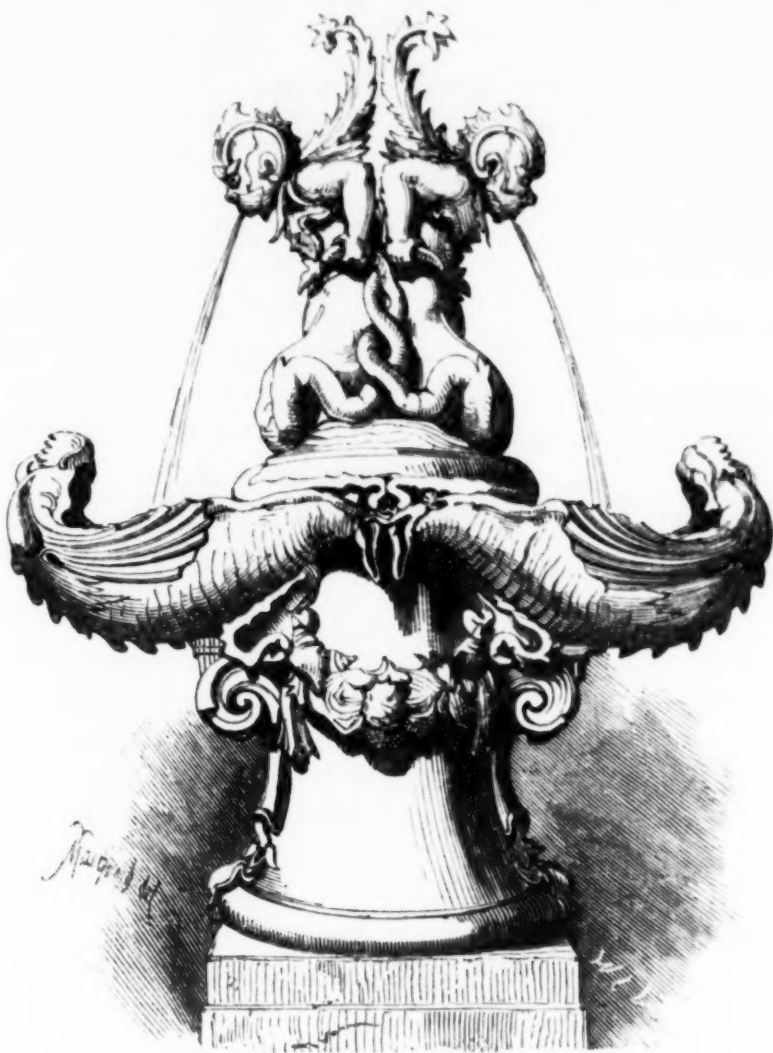
“I have none. You are spared one crime now. My name is no longer of any use—not even to myself.”

“Overdrawn the account, have I?” he said, with a cruel laugh; “smashed the bank? Well, that's bad. It can't be helped now. Don't speak. We'd better not talk too much. You don't want me here, I know. Give me money. I'll go to America, and never come back.”

“I made great efforts, and at last succeeded in raising a sum sufficient to meet his demands. He left England. One unhappy incident of my obtaining this money was that I was compelled to part with the companionship of my daughter. Our means had become so pinched, and my health too uncertain to enable me to rely upon accomplishing the same amount of labour as usual, that she, unknown to me, sought for, and secured, a situation as governess in a wealthy family in the North of England. She applied to me for my sanction to her leaving me to undertake this position. I did not dare to restrain so noble an example of her courage and her devotion. But the parting was a cruel trial to both of us. I then gave up my lodgings and moved into the Temple, making my chambers down stairs, which I had before taken for professional purposes, my residence. Two years sped along in this way. I had worked very hard, and achieved some success. Laura gave the most flattering accounts of her welfare in the North, and seemed to experience every kindness from the family with whom she resided. At length came a letter from my son, bearing the Paris postmark. I trembled as I saw it. I knew by it that he had returned to Europe. A strange sensation of



THE celebrated goldsmith and sculptor, Taccia, designed and executed two bronze fountains for the Piazza Annunziata, Florence, a place pre-eminent for the number and beauty of its decorations, such as fountains, statues, &c. One of these fountains is that represented in the engraving before us, and is a curious example of the quaint and contrasted elements the sculptors of that age would occasionally combine, frequently without much judgment, although at times with an audacity that at least surprises the spectator, if it does not always please him. Take the present work for an example: the two spouting figures that form the fountain are both designed and executed with spirit and force; they grasp one another's wriggling tails most energetically; the quaint appendages to their heads, which form the apex of the design,—their back-hair, so to speak,—has a curious rigidity and strangeness about it; so has the queer sort of fin that goes over their heads like a crest; but the pedestal on which they are placed is perfectly hideous, and the whole design would be improved by its omission, as will be seen if that portion be covered by the hand. One reason for this is, that the



BRONZE FOUNTAIN AT FLORENCE.

whole would then be in keeping throughout its varied parts, the marine monsters assorting with the shells appropriately; whereas the concave lines of the pedestal destroy the composition, give the shells an air as if in danger of falling from their places, and make the outlines of the whole weak and exaggerated in appearance. This peculiar shortcoming in design, want of consideration of the effect as a whole, is eminently characteristic of the work of artists of the time and taste of Taccia. They do not seem to have grasped the whole of their subject with one thought, as it were, but, conceiving it piecemeal, produced a disjointed and irregular design by adding an ill-connected portion to their leading idea, even when there appears to have been no necessity, as in the example before us, where the pedestal might have been dispensed with entirely; or, if height were absolutely required, and the figures must be elevated on a pedestal, it should, at all events, have been of appropriate style; and the

basins, or shells, might have been enlarged to give width, and with that an appearance of security, to the composition, which, as now arranged, it does not possess. L. L.

sickness came over me as I read it. It was not long. It gave a short narrative of his career since he had left England. He was now in Paris, utterly destitute. I remitted to him a small amount, and two days afterwards he presented himself before me. There was no attempt at any courtesy between us.

"You're not glad to see me," he said. "I didn't come here because I thought you would be. You know that, and know, too, what did bring me here."

"Hugh," I said, as calmly as I was able; "look around you. Does this look like a rich man's dwelling? Every farthing that comes in here is earned—earned hardly. I have no money to give you."

"I knew you'd say that," he answered, "and end by giving me some. I don't care how it's earned. How much are you going to let me have?"

"Why did you leave America?"

"It didn't agree with my health." He laughed in his old cruel manner. "And at Paris they hinted to me that I had better go. They told me I kept bad company; was the known companion of *suspects*; that if I didn't go of my own will where I liked out of France, I should be sent at their instance where perhaps I didn't like—to Cayenne. So I came back to London."

"Hugh," I said, "there must be an end to this. I have borne it too long already. To any feeling of reverence for me, or respect to my condition, I have ceased to appeal. Nothing will induce you to withhold your demands but one consideration—that they will be made in vain. I will give you nothing."

"Nothing—eh?" he replied. "Where's Laura?"

"I started: there seemed a strange menace in his mode of inquiry. 'Why do you wish to know?'"

"No matter. If it's all over between my father and me," he said, with a sneer, "surely I may go to my sister. You won't tell me her address? No matter. I'll soon find her out. She'll be glad to see me, and give me money, perhaps, for coming to see her; at any rate, money not to come again. It's very strong, is family affection."

"With this strange burst he quitted me. Two days after I received a letter from Laura, full of the wonted evidences of her love and her hopefulness, and enclosing a small sum of money, poor child!—little more than ten pounds, the result of her savings during the past half year. The amount was remitted in post-office orders. I caused them to be cashed. It so happened that the money was paid all in sovereigns. At this time Hugh called again. There was a more than ordinary appearance of recklessness in his look and manner."

"I am here again, as you see," he said. "I've not found Laura yet. But don't fear; I shall find her. Will you give me her address?"

"I will not."

"You declare war, then?" he cried—"defy me, do you? Take care. I'm not one to lie down gently and die without kicking, I can tell you. I'll not starve if there's bread to be had—money to be got. I'll steal—murder—if need be. I'll not die such a dog's death as starvation."



"There's a worse dog's death than that."

"He turned pale.

"Give me money," he said, "and let me go. Don't drive me to the worst. Don't drive me mad, or I shan't know whom I'm turning against. I've not tasted food since yesterday morning. Nothing but some brandy has passed my lips. Give me money!"

"I have none to give you."

"None! with a heap there shining up the lie into your face!"

"He pointed at Laura's money, which was on the table before me, and made as though he would grasp at it. I covered it with my hands.

"Stand off!" I cried; "as you value your life, touch not a coin of this."

"Why not?"

"This money is not mine. It is a sacred trust in my hands, and I will part with my life sooner than with one farthing of it. Stand off!"

"If it came to a struggle, old gentleman——"

"He seemed about to make a rush upon me. I took a pistol from the drawer of the table at which I was standing.

"Stand off!" I cried. "Diminish the distance between us by one step, and as there is a heaven above us I will shoot you dead!"

"He stared at me wildly and irresolutely. He was ghastly pale. I knew then—what I did not know before—he was a coward.

"Listen," I said. "You have been careful to sever every tie between us. Do not complain; do not be surprised that I acquiesce in this severance. You have ceased to regard me as a father; I cease henceforth to regard you as a son. You have renounced me by your every action—disowned me: I now renounce you as a son—I disown you. You are no more a child of mine. Go! Do what you list. Die worthlessly, as you have lived, if you will. Show your face here again, and I will hand you over to the police as a common thief. Let me find you here, seeking wrongful possession of this money entrusted to my care, and I swear that with this right hand, and with this pistol, I will shoot you down remorselessly as I would a wild beast. Now go!"

"He did not speak, but rose and made for the door, the perspiration standing out in large drops on his forehead. He closed the door after him, and hurried off precipitately. This was on the 9th of May. I never saw him again alive. I am in the habit of being absent from my chambers regularly between the hours of six and eight to half-past in the evening, during which time I have dinner, and take a little exercise in the Strand, or in the Gardens. Returning home on the 11th of May, I was struck with the idea that some one had been in my rooms during my absence. There was a disarrangement of the furniture; and a small sum of money I had carelessly left upon the table was gone. On the following day, the 12th, something—I forget what—probably the notion that there was rain impending, or one of those vague presentiments which affect us all inexplicably at times, induced me to return home half an hour earlier than my usual time. To my dismay, I found the room in confusion. A small desk, in which I had placed Laura's money, had been broken open, and the money taken away. I knew then the author

of the theft. I discovered that my door had been opened by means of a skeleton key, which still remained in the lock. My impression was that the thief was secreted somewhere on the premises. I made a search—a futile one. I went upstairs to the empty rooms over mine. There appeared no trace of recent entry. Yet I sat for hours at my room-door, waiting to see if he would descend. At length I retired to rest. My slumber during the night was broken; but I heard nothing of the noise occasioned by the discovery in your room. The next morning the story was rife throughout the Temple. I visited these rooms. I inspected the body at the dead-house, keeping a careful guard over myself. I said nothing; but I knew it was the body of my son. On my return home I looked to the window, the only means by which he could have gained the floor above without passing up the stairs. I found a large knife sticking into the wall; on the handle, rudely cut, the letters H. B. T.—Hugh Bryan Tressell; and his mode of procedure—one of terrible danger—was apparent. You, sir," turning to Tom, "have supplied the particulars of his escape from the window."

"And his death?" asked Jack, breathlessly.

"He was disturbed in his operations of theft by the sound of my returning steps on the stairs," replied Tressell, "and knew I should keep my word if I found him. Fear will sometimes make cowards do deeds of rashness, such as brave men shrink from. Only a madman, or one panic-stricken, would have attempted the feat he performed. It was too much for him. The fright killed him. In the Tressell family there has ever been an hereditary disposition to disease of the heart. His strength was undermined, too, by dissipation, and, perhaps, want of food." His voice trembled as he said this. "When he looked out of that window, and comprehended fully the hideous struggle with death in which he had been engaged, a terrible reaction came over him. He closed the window convulsively, and staggered to that chair, never to quit it alive. Heaven smote him down, the proceeds of his heartless robbery yet new upon him."

Tressell was white and trembling as he spoke. He shivered almost, as with cold.

"It is broad daylight," said he. "Pardon my having detained you so long. But I thought it only right—the more so as this gentleman was able to add to the chain of mystery a link, which, beyond connecting me with the story, did little else towards its unravelling—I thought it only just that you should be put in possession of the facts in my knowledge attending the strange death in this room. The world believes my unhappy son, notoriously a profligate, to have ended his wretched career obscurely abroad. My daughter shares that belief. That the truth is otherwise, and what that truth is, is known only to us three men here, and to God. Let the shame and the scandal remain so concealed. Thank you for your interest and sympathy. God bless you both! Good-bye!" and he was gone.

There was silence for some minutes.

"Jack, I shall get out on the parapet. I must have another pipe after all this. I must have a smoke and a think."

"So be it. I shall turn in, I think. Not that I'm sleepy. Good night!"



"Good night? and the light glaring in in this way, and the morning air blowing about as exhilarating as the best champagne! Day and night! Give over such unmeaning divisions of time,—I have done so long since,—and say good-bye, if you mean leaving me."

"Good-bye, then."

"One moment. He's a fine old man that from next door. I must read his book. He's a curious look about him. I once thought his upper story wasn't altogether wind-and-water tight, and yet I think he's sane too."

"Good-bye."

"A moment, Jack. I wish I had a dual existence."

"A what!"

"A dual existence. I wish I was two selves. I should like to be another self looking out of my window in Essex Street, and foxing off this self sitting here on your parapet smoking like Etna!"

"Hum! Take another glass, and you'll have dual vision. That will be a step towards what you want. Good-bye!"

"Another moment, Jack. I've been thinking again. I tell you what. The real Temple tragedy will be when you cut these rooms and marry Bella Brownsmith!"

Was Jack blushing, or was it only the rosy rays of morning playing upon his face?

"Tom, you're a villain! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

#### THE EPICUREAN'S GARDEN.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

The black-heart cherry spreads a net  
Of blood-drops on the wall;  
The swelling apples greenly grow  
Where they will golden fall.  
The fledgling lark has got its crest,  
And proudly strains to sing;  
The finch has left its mossy nest,  
With gold upon its wing.  
The jargonel its ripened fruit  
Begins to vain display;  
Its bullion-weights upon the bough  
Hang temptingly all day.  
The blossom's on the summer corn,  
Tall grows the spindling rye;  
A deeper-jewelled sunny blue  
Has blossomed in the sky.  
Like little threads of ruby-seed  
The red-veined currants shine;  
The coral berries, sunny pearl,  
Are hanging line by line.  
The grape its tiny scented flower  
Spreads on the greenhouse glass;  
The flocks of daisies blanch with white  
The russet, tawny grass.  
The gooseberry's rich golden globes  
Begin to ripen sweet;  
The strawberry its scented fruit  
Spreads crimson at our feet.  
The barley wears a silken beard,  
The rose begins to fall;  
No longer now with double note  
The Indian cuckoos call.

The lime is raining blossom gold,  
It spreads a hill of song,  
Draining from countless village hives  
Their black and murmuring throng.  
Geraniums' scarlet velvet bloom  
Make all the windows gay,  
And silently the thorn-tree waits  
For next year's snowy May.

The fuchsia sheds its violet drops,  
The sun has burned the bell  
Of yonder lily, where the bee  
Loved most to brood and dwell.  
The pansy's velvet withers up,  
Its gloss by rain washed out;  
The honeysuckle spreads its flowers  
The chimney-wall about.

Dead yellow Autumn lurks amid  
The laurel's glossy leaves;  
A silver dew is on the web  
The felon-spider weaves.  
The jessamine its Persian bloom  
Sheds round the window-sill;  
The evening red is burning down  
Below the village hill.

The bergamot its scented juice  
Is treasuring for me;  
The beurré hoards its syrup gold  
Far up the spiral tree.  
The oats their silky, feathery heads  
Toss wantonly about;  
The weaving shades that scud and skim  
The breezes put to rout.

Above my head the walnuts grow,  
Green, marbled, round, and smooth;  
The filbert, with the flapping leaf,  
Dear to the squirrel's tooth.  
The currants, blood-veined, in the sun,  
The raspberries on the cane,  
The leaves that silver spangles hoard  
After the last night's rain.

The shadow slants across our roof,  
Rough-scaled with mossy tiles,  
That fend us from the bitter rain,  
And from the sun's wrath smiles.  
The scented rose its flower-cascades  
From every chimney flings;  
And round the birds' nests in the eaves  
The honeysuckle clings.

The roses at the window-sill  
Their offerings present:  
We live in roses—overhead  
They're spreading like a tent.  
The white stars of the jessamine  
Are snowing round the wall;  
At every gust those scented snows  
Upon my paper fall.

My level lawn is gilt with sun,  
With daisies sprinkled white;  
The purple thyme, so crisp and dry,  
The robber-bees delight.



To guard us stands the cedar-tree,  
A dark and stately king,  
Whose eastern branches, sad and slow,  
A dirge are murmuring.

A southern wall to warm the peach  
Unto a dusty red,  
A walk of matted apple-trees,  
And many a violet-bed.  
A wilderness of emerald shade  
Lit by the coloured flowers—  
A dial, where the shadow draws  
A black line through the hours.

Then roses, with the bleeding hearts,  
Love's anguish only grieves;  
I read the simple moral writ  
On all their fading leaves.  
The flower that closes with the sun,  
The flower that tells the rain,  
Are both my subjects, growing tall  
And fair in my domain.

It is a plot of Fairy-land,  
A square of Paradise;  
I care not for the burning sand  
That grows the Indian's rice.  
To others give the realm whose dust  
Bright sparkles with the gold:  
So I but have to pasture thought  
This little wattled fold.

Deep in a garden Adam dwelt,  
Eve made it heaven on earth;  
No blossom drooped, till Autumn came  
With sin, and pain, and dearth.  
Our Jesus in a garden tomb  
Embalmed with flowers was laid;  
Upon the massy red-sealed stone  
Three days flower-shadows played.

The angel lilies, silver-robed,  
Are trooping here in bands;  
To me the scented-blossom vines  
Stretch out their little hands.  
Deep in the laurel-bush the thrush  
Of love in music prates;  
And there, in juries, round the fruit,  
The blackbirds hold debates.

We'll not forget the hawthorn-bush,  
A mountain-top of snow.  
A hill of music till sweet May  
Has ceased to bud and blow.  
Now a green net to catch the sun,  
And trap its wayward beams,  
With figured leaf so quaintly cut,—  
THIS WAS MY HOME OF DREAMS.

The *worst* is, that the bailiff Death  
Will some day leap my wall,  
And I must leave my melon-frame,  
Obedient to his call.  
His hard, unfeeling, hollow voice,  
I hear in every wind;  
And dread to see the garden-gate  
Shut with a jar behind.

## CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY FRANZ VON MIERIS.

FRANZ VON MIERIS was a Dutch painter, whose reputation in his time was enormous, his works fetching prices which even to this day may be considered extraordinary. His chief patrons were the nobles of the French court, who would expend great sums upon the gratification of a caprice, or in obedience to the rule of fashion, without a thought whether they were thereby encouraging genuine art or not. Elaborate finish and delicate manipulation were all they demanded; and, expending no thought on the subject chosen, or the intellectual capacity displayed, they received no more intelligent labour than might have been expended on the carving of a cherry-stone or the polishing of a pebble.

Take the work before us for an example: it demanded no great intellectual power to conceive such a theme and illustrate it feelingly; in fact, feeling was all that was required. The fancy is a pretty one, but for its fitting execution some expression of liveliness, *espièglerie*, and innocent spirit is imperative. The little gentleman evinces none of this, but, for all his expression and attitude convey, might be an infant prodigy lecturing on the properties of light—the only scientific use to which, in our knowledge, soap-bubbles have been applied. It was characteristic of an artificial age that childhood should be thus represented. Look at the poor little creature's hair—an actual wig! fancy the back of his head with a black silk patch upon it! His expression is not that of a child delighted with a glittering toy, but of a premature, quaint, little man.

The Dutch school of that period was a school of elaboration and excessive care; but the elaboration was not that of considerate truth and entire adherence to nature. In proof, we may refer to the execution of the soap-bubbles themselves. The observer will see that the forms of the reflection of the light from a window "out of the picture," as it is called, are truly rendered,—those upon the external surfaces convex, and those upon the inner surfaces concave; the little halo round each globe is also true. But this is not all that is required; the splendour of these things depends upon truthful rendering of the prismatic colours—a thing far beyond any such artist's skill; these bubbles would be, in the picture, little else than globes of steel, reflecting—not polarising—light. The truth of these remarks will be apparent to any examiner of works of this class, and afford thereby a means of just discrimination in such matters, and enable the observer to place these prosaic painters in their true rank as artists. Soap-bubbles may not always be found in their works; but the spirit of this criticism will be found just, when applied to their execution throughout,—even in draperies of the most brilliant colours, which are frequently totally devoid of reflecting lights; notably also in their representations of gold and glass; but above all in their flesh-painting, which is usually a dull, opaque, pallid surface, without variety of inner tint, and very different from "the white and red which Nature's own cunning hand laid on."

Franz von Mieris was born at Delft, in 1635, and died at Leyden, in 1681; he was a pupil of Gerard Dow, who was himself a pupil of Rembrandt, but departed from the luminous, vigorous style of his master, to found a school of such artists as Mieris, who, indeed, was the best of them all. W. Mieris was son and pupil of Franz, and rigidly imitated his father and master, with indifferent success.

In forming a proper judgment of works of art, it is essential that the observer should know what are the pretensions of a picture—that is, what was the object of the painter in painting it; whether this object has been carried out with feeling and propriety of design; and whether the method of representation has been faithful to nature, ingenious and delicate as all Nature's works are. We have endeavoured to bring the work before us under these tests, and will now leave the reader to decide for himself upon its merits or demerits.

L. L.





CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES. BY FRANZ VON MIERIS.



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## POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

Few people understand the difference between pottery and porcelain; for to most of us porcelain means only a finer kind of pottery,—a more artistic and ornamented kind, dependent for its name on outside dress, not on original composition. But they are different things in themselves; the paste of pottery being opaque, that of porcelain translucent; pottery glazed with lead and silex, porcelain with an analogue to flint glass; while each kind, again, is subdivided into its own special classes, all of which are distinctly discernible to the collector and connoisseur. Thus, there is a soft pottery and a hard pottery; a hard porcelain and a soft porcelain; with a third kind, an artificially soft porcelain;—all these holding other divisions and characteristics underneath, some of the most prominent of which will be noticed as we proceed.

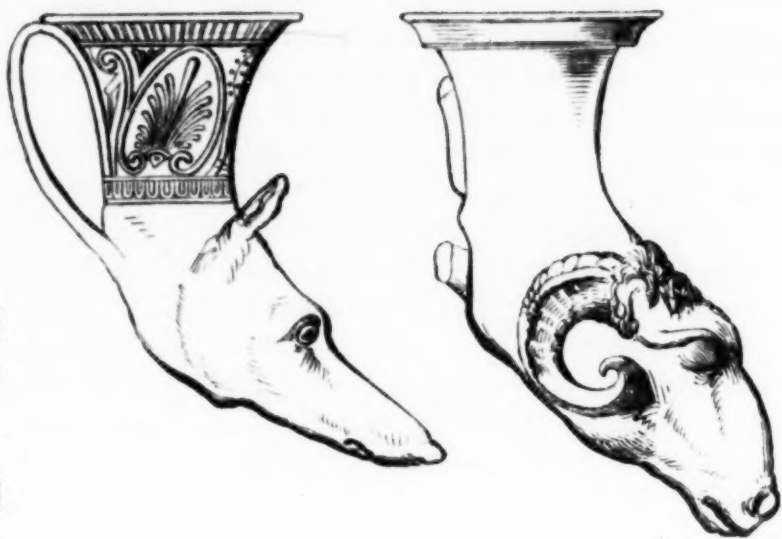
Soft pottery—that which may be scratched with a knife, and which is fusible under the heat of a porcelain furnace—is composed of clay, sand, and lime, and makes our common pots and pipkins. The hard kind makes Queen's ware, stoneware, and the English iron-stone ware. The soft is classified as—1. unglazed; 2. lustrous (found only in Greek and Roman ware); 3. glazed; 4. enamelled. The first three comprised the earthenware of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, in all of which nations the potter's art was carried to very high perfection; though that great ceramic desideratum, a purely white earthenware, was, perhaps, not absolutely obtained by any one of the three. In Greece, the usual colour was red, owing to an excess of oxide of iron in the clay; though they had pale fawn, light brown, ashy gray, and other neutral tints as well. Still, the prevailing natural colour of the earthenware was red—red of various hues and depths. Some of the amphoræ—those tall, pointed vases with two handles, used for holding wine, fruit, oil, honey, grain, and even gold and dead bodies—were as red as coral; others, again, were black, made so by mixing asphaltum, or other analogous substances, with the clay; or, in the coarser kinds, by being smeared over with a glazed black paint, as was specially the case with pickle-jars and vases for the more homely household uses. Finer vessels were painted carefully with a black ground, and afterwards decorated with those scenes and figures in red and white, which are so precious to us now, as the best representations of Hellenic costumes and customs preserved to us. The great Greek potteries were in Athens itself; the Ceramicus, or “potters' part” of the city, taking its name from the manufacture carried on in it. The vases made there were so beautiful, and held in such high esteem, that they were given, filled with oil, as prizes to the victors in the Panathenaic games and festivals. The best specimens also were carried aloft in those festivals, as offerings to the great Athenian goddess, Pallas, and as proofs of the skill which she and Vulcan—or, more properly, Hephaistos—had bestowed on their favourite people. Some of these Panathenaic vases were two feet high; and all were perfect in shape, ornament, and composition. The *rhyta*, or drinking-horns, were, perhaps, the most exclusively national of all the Grecian earthenware. Even more so than the *ex-votos*—the earthenware hearts, and legs,

and hands, and ears—hung up in the temples, and about the altars of the various curative divinities; or than the slightly hollowed dishes (*patera*), the two-handled cups, the tiles and painted ornaments on entablature and frieze; all of which, though so thoroughly Greek in style, have been fashioned and framed for the like uses by other nations. But the drinking-horn stands alone. Originally an actual horn, it grew into a beautiful earthenware cup, on which the potter spent all his skill, and the artist all his grace. The *rhyton* is found in the hands of the guests and feasters at the *symposia*; rivalling the *patera* and dishes—those “daughters of the wheel,” as they were called—in beauty of design and carefulness of manufacture. Large quantities of pottery were exported from Athens; though she had always a rival in Samos, which, later, supplied the Roman with his “Dresden” and “Sèvres.”

The Roman murrhine vases, about which so much has been written, and such bad blood generated, were originally Eastern; whether of actual fabrication, like Chinese porcelain, as some think, or fashioned out of precious stones and costly agates, as others maintain, we have no opportunity now of determining. The home-made Roman specimens were probably of opalescent glass, such as might be seen in the best Venetian manufacture; or they might have been covered with an opalescent enamel, like the “madreperla” of Majolica, or the “crackle” porcelain of China. They were introduced into Rome by Pompey, who found them worthy of dedication to Jupiter Capitolinus. “The pigeon's neck” manufacture of Egyptian times was probably of the same kind. Rome honoured pottery as much as Greece had done. She also had her earthenware *ex-votos* and gods—*dii fictiles*; and even went so far as to ascribe some of the safety of her Capitol to certain antique terra cottas contained therein—notably the quadriga of Veii—which she placed among the guardian fetishes of her city. Imperial Rome, waxing wanton and luxurious, discarded her time-honoured pottery for gold and silver, as Athens had done before her, after the conquest of Persia by Alexander; for Persia held the fictile art so low, as to make the use of earthenware vessels one of the punishments of criminals. Sparta, true to her traditions, denounced by law the introduction of gold and silver cups; but even Sparta yielded in time, and the luxury of conquered Persia completed the demoralisation of victorious Greece.

The earliest modern European soft pottery of note was the Majolica ware, called also the Raffaella and Umbrian ware. It was brought into Christian Europe in the twelfth century by the Pisans, when they returned from the crusade against the then Moorish king of Majorca; which crusade had been undertaken for the deliverance of 20,000 apocryphal Christians, confined in the Majorcan dungeons. They found the Majolica ware in full beauty in the island, and brought home plates and cups, which, for the most part, they dedicated to their saints, hanging them up on the entablatures of their churches, as the old Pagans before them had hung up their best pottery on the entablatures of their temples. But, though imported then, the ware itself was not manufactured by the Italians until the fifteenth century; for all that, Luca della Robbia, in 1388, covered his bronze and marble statues with a white enamel—*terra invetriata*—





GREEK RHYTA.



SÈVRES

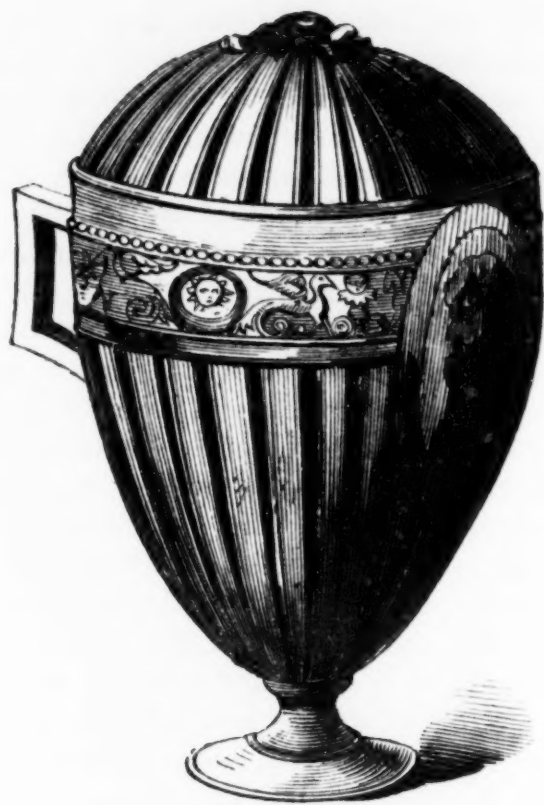
which might have served as a ceramic guide and lesson. When made, a perfect passion for it took possession of the rich and noble,—a passion that has lasted to our own days, through every storm of ridicule and change. The Japan Palace at Dresden; the Petit Château de Madrid, formerly in the Bois de Boulogne, called Château de Fayence, from being lined and ornamented throughout with enamelled tiles made by Girolamo della Robbia, grand-nephew of Luca; the Sèvres room at Versailles, with those glorious lintels and panels of old Sèvres plates set like jewels in the walls; these, and more of the same kind, tell of the estimation in which fine pottery and porcelain have been held by mankind,—an estimation yet in full force, if we may judge by the enormous sums fetched by certain specimens, and the fabulous fortunes spent in collections. The Greek, who dedicated his vases to his gods; the Roman, who counted a dingy old terra cotta as one of the active guardians of his city, were not more wild or extreme in their veneration than was that certain Elector of Saxony who bartered away a regiment of dragoons for a few porcelain toys; or than was His Most Christian Majesty, when he offered an equal weight of gold for a batch of baked clay statues. The Dukes of Urbino raised the manufacture of Majolica to its perfection. For them Raffaele made some of his choicest designs; and, after his death, his pupils furnished copies of his original and unpublished sketches. Marc Antonio, one of the greatest, as he was one of the earliest engravers, lived in Raffaele's house, and worked under his eye; transferring his engravings of his friend's sketches and pictures to the Majolica plates and vases, which are as often called "Raffaele ware" as by the name of their Moorish Majorcan birthplace. This earlier, or mezza-Majolica, was famous for its glaze, "which rivalled gold and silver in the metallic lustre of its yellow and white;" also for its *madreperla* glaze, which was opalescent and changeable, like the old "pigeon's neck," or the mother-o'-pearl, from which it took its name. In 1560 a change was introduced into the style of decoration, and *capricci*—boys, flutes, toys, musical instruments, &c., all copies from the "Raffaele grotesque," were in vogue, instead of the sacred and classical subjects hitherto only used.

The Majolica *amatorii* were also made then. There were dishes, or vases, with a lady's portrait painted thereon, and a legend, "Cecilia bella," or "Minerva bella," as the case might be, thrown around. They were made to be given as presents from the lover to the beloved, and are especially valuable now for their head-dresses and costumes. The Santa Casa at Loretto was wonderfully rich in Majolica. It had 380 vases, all with designs by Raffaele, Giulio Romano, Michael Angelo, and other great names, besides statues, &c. The Grand Duke of Florence offered eighty-four vases of silver for a certain eighty-four of earthenware, of a different style from the rest, and, indeed, unique in themselves, representing children playing and sporting; and Louis XIV. offered five statues of gold of equal weight for those of the four Evangelists and St. Paul. Besides its wealth in Majolica, the Santa Casa had a special ware of its own. Whenever the walls were scraped, or the Holy Virgin brushed and cleaned, the dust was carefully collected, mixed with the paste, and made into small cups an inch and a half high and four inches in diameter. They were coloured blue and yellow; sometimes with the Virgin and Child, and sometimes with a representation of the Santa Casa painted on them, always with the legend *Con. Pol. di S. C. (Con Polvere di Santa Casa)* on the rim. The Pilgrims' Bottles, too, as they were called—flat bottles, with two holes for a strap to pass through—were also great favourites with the makers of Majolica, and are to be found of most exquisite design and workmanship. They are, perhaps, the purest extant for taste and skill. Catherine di Medici brought both the ware and the manufacture into France, but did not accomplish much until aided by her kinsman Louis Gonzaga, who founded a manufactory in his Duchy of Nevers. This was the beginning of French pottery—a beginning which found such a wonderful consummation in the Palissy ware and the Sèvres porcelain.

Palissy's life and history are too well known to need repeating here. He inaugurated a new era in the ceramic art; but he never attained the purity of the white enamel of Luca della Robbia, nor even to that of the Fayence of Nevers. His pieces are generally

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DRESDEN.



SHAKSPEARE JUG.

shaded or coloured, with a hard enamel, but not so good a glaze as that of Delft, and mostly of yellow, blue, and green, sometimes adding browns and grays. But their chief beauty lies in the exquisite fidelity and scientific truth of his modelled figures—his shells and fish, his leaves and smaller reptiles—which constitute the special characteristic of his ware. Catherine di Medici, true to her blood, both in her crimes and in her artistic tastes, protected Palissy; but he died in a prison, in spite of his genius and artistic services, in spite, too, of his powerful patrons; for he was a brave old man, of unconquerable courage and conscientious daring, and tainted with the Huguenot heresy; and what was enamelled pottery compared to ecclesiastical truth? It may be as well to state here that the difference between enamelled pottery, and that which is painted or "burnt-in," is, that in the first the colours are laid on after the glazing, which glazing, for pottery, is, as we have seen, made of lead and silex; while in the second, the colours are burnt in with the glaze.

Nuremberg was another locality celebrated for its soft pottery. The enamelled tiles of Nuremberg—its specialty—were of immense size and great beauty; while its drinking cups were, in the fifteenth century, modelled into bears, and dogs, and deer, and other grotesque shapes, much like the grotesque match-boxes of the present day. But the Dutch soft pottery,—the Delft, "parent of pottery"—was the most famous of all. It is of a beautiful bluish-white enamel, the figures generally blue, and singular in shape and subject. It is most frequently a copy of Chinese or Japanese ware, great in monstrosities, kylians, and dragons, and famous for its three-ringed bottle, and the tall, shapeless, but not inelegant beaker, the form of which remains in use to the present day. Its imitation of "real China" is so excellent, that none but connoisseurs would be able to distinguish it from the original, and they only by close inspection and actual handling.

Hard pottery—that is, pottery which cannot be scratched with a knife, which is opaque, argilo-siliceous, and infusible—is subdivided into fine earthenware,

stoneware, and English iron-stone ware. Hard pottery approaches porcelain in every characteristic but that of transparency. The paste is opaque, and the ware more serviceable. The first fine earthenware known in Europe was that "mysterious and unique manufacture of the *renaissance*, the fine Fayence of Henry II." It was made in the time of Francis I., for his marks and insignia—the salamander among others—are to be found on it; but the best and most characteristic pieces are of the time of Henry II., and bear his device, the three crescents, or an H interlaced with the two D's of Diane de Poitiers—Diane, Duchesse de Valentinois. It is as often styled the "Faïence de Diane de Poitiers" as "de Henri II.;" and is even generally made in her widow's colours of black and white. The paste is very different from the soft paste of Majolica and Palissy. "It is a true pipe-clay," says Marryat, "very fine and very white, so as not to require, like the Italian Fayence, to be concealed by a thick enamel; and the ornaments with which it is enriched are simply covered with a thin, transparent, yellowish varnish." The style of ornamentation is as unique as the ware, being chiefly arabesques, scrolls, &c., engraven on the paste, then filled in with a different coloured enamel, like *niello*. Indeed, it is called "faïence à niellure," from this peculiarity. The usual colour of these engraven arabesques is a dark yellow ochre; and when the pieces have, in addition, figures in bold relief, those figures are usually pink. They are exquisitely modelled,—equal in beauty to the chiselled and damascened work of the gold-workers of the sixteenth century, and wrought throughout with all that loving prodigality of thought and care which distinguished the earlier works of art, before art degenerated into a trade, and while yet it kept the sentiment of its holy mission sacred. This ware is usually found in small light pieces, such as cups and ewers, and the *biberon*, that quaint, odd, *bon-bourgeois*-looking vase, which the French have called by that name.

The most remarkable early specimen of English hard pottery is the Shakspeare's jug of the Elizabethan



time. "This jug is of cream-coloured earthenware, about nine inches in height, and sixteen inches round in the largest part, and somewhat in the shape of a modern coffee-pot. It is divided longitudinally into eight compartments, each horizontally subdivided, and within these the principal deities of the Grecian mythology are represented in rather bold relief. Jupiter and Juno, Bacchus, Diana, Mercury, Apollo, Mars, &c., are all plainly distinguishable by their thrones, chariots, and characteristic animal attendants." It is not absolutely certain that this jug is of English manufacture; but all presumptive evidence favours the idea. The Elizabethan pottery was a dingy white, with ornaments in relief, chiefly of figures and foliage, of quaint forms, not classically elegant, yet by no means vulgar. John Dwight, in 1684, established a manufactory at Fulham, where they made "white gorges, or pitchers, marbled porcelain vessels, statues, and figures, and fine stone gorges and vessels, never before made in England," says Faulkner; "also transparent porcelain, and opaque red and dark coloured porcelain, or China and Persian wares, and the Cologne or stonewares." The earliest pieces made were "butter pots," of brick earth; also "tigs," or drinking cups, with three handles; and larger "tigs," or parting cups, with two handles. No great improvements were made from Queen Elizabeth's time up to the reign of George I.; when pipe-clay and sand were mixed with the paste, and the celebrated agate and tortoiseshell wares obtained by colouring the paste with oxide of copper and manganese. Astbury used calcined flints, the value of which he discovered by accident, as seems to have been the law with all the great ceramic improvements; and Josiah Wedgwood perfected the art in our country. The ware which first brought Wedgwood into notice was the cream-coloured Queen's ware, which he made and presented to Queen Charlotte. This was of a naturally cane-coloured paste, which, being purer and more homogeneous in tint than anything yet produced by artificial mixtures or coloured glazings, created an immense sensation, and exactly hit the public taste—always glad to obtain a better and a higher thing in morals or in art. One of Wedgwood's greatest works was his copy of the Barberini, or Portland Vase, then for sale. The master potter made fifty copies, at 50*l.* each; which, however, did not pay him for the original outlay and mere cost of production. The modelling alone cost him 400*l.*, before a spoonful of paste was mixed; but, remunerative or not, his Portland Vase, with its accurate modelling and gem-like surface, stands almost unrivalled amongst the triumphs of fictile art. Flaxman and other first-rate artists helped Wedgwood forward by their models and designs; for he was a liberal man, of high artistic faculties, and of keen artistic perceptions, and spared no expense to obtain perfection, both of style and material. No "maestro" in England paid so much attention as he to beauty of form and design; and none since has taken up the art so purely as an art, and with such true artistic love. One of his *chef d'œuvres* was a set of chessmen, modelled by Flaxman; the first ever made in pottery by any one or of any kind.

Stoneware is often used in China as a basis for an after application of porcelain paste; both to ensure

greater solidity and strength, and to save the expense of pure porcelain. It is, in fact, porcelain veneer. The Germans made the first stoneware of any note in Europe. They are all finely sculptured, of rich ornament, of good form, and of pure colours. The high flasks called "Jacobus Kennetje" are the oldest pieces found of this ware. It is said that Jacqueline of Hainault threw many of these flasks into the Rhine, that they might pass as antiques when hereafter discovered; and certainly many have been dug up, from time to time, from out the soft banks. The Apostles' mugs of this ware and time were of a most beautiful turquoise blue, with the figures—the twelve Apostles—and ornaments in bold relief. They were chiefly made at Franconia, and the date of their zenith was 1540. The Flemish stoneware is also very curious. It is a singularly lovely blue, quaint in form, and richly decorated. It is glazed by salt—a glazing peculiar to stoneware. There are jugs of all shapes belonging to this Flemish ware,—flat jugs, and round, burly burgomaster jugs; jugs with hollowed middles, and spanned by flying buttresses and small Saturnian rings; jugs with wonderful necks, and jugs with no necks at all; jugs with faces and heads for spouts, and human arms and legs for handles and feet; jugs on which were lavished all the gross, fat-sided humour of the Flemish mind, which yet was not without a certain beauty of its own, though that beauty had nothing of Grecian grace or *renaissance* flow in its lines. Yet it was rich and full, and might stand a brave comparison with any other of the period.

English stoneware was first made in any noticeable quantity by two foreigners—the brothers Elers. They found a small bed of red clay near Burslem, and there they established a manufactory, keeping their secrets very close, and employing only half-idiotic workmen, allowing no egress and no ingress, and maintaining as strict a state of semi-imprisonment as was kept at the manufactory at Meissen. The Elers' were, consequently, much hated; and when the elder Astbury published their secret, they were forced to quit the neighbourhood, public feeling against them as foreigners and "secret" workmen running too high for their safety. Astbury had worked for many years in their manufactory, feigning idiocy all the while, but quietly writing down their recipes, and making drawings of their machinery, which he acted on when the time was ripe and his knowledge perfected. The Elers', quitting Burslem, fled to Chelsea, where they helped to establish the famous stoneware works, which afterwards, however, were converted into porcelain works. But the glory of English stoneware is in the Wedgwood pieces. He coloured his paste throughout—unlike porcelain painting, where the colours are laid on—and he found out, also, how to paint on the paste, and underneath the glaze. His terra cottas, his jasper, onyx, basalt, and other like wares, have created him a reputation unsurpassed in its specialty by any worker in paint and clay; and his exquisite biscuit medallions were used even in proud and exclusive Sèvres itself. He made a service for Catherine II. of Russia, for her famous *Grenouillère*, or Froggerie, which service contained twelve hundred views of various country houses and gardens in England, with a green frog painted on each. Genuine pieces by him are now, fifty years after his death, worth three

\* Note in Marryat's *Pottery and Porcelain*.



times their original value; but the mass of the "*lapis lazuli* ware," with white medallions, sold in shops under the generic term of "Wedgwood," are only imitations or continuations: they are not genuine, excepting by very rare chance.

This closes the prominent facts in the history of pottery.

Porcelain, differing from pottery by being made of translucent, not opaque, paste, is divided into hard (biscuit without gloss or glaze), naturally soft, and artificially soft. The hard contains a large proportion of clay, or alumina, and less of flint, or silica; requiring, therefore, a greater degree of heat to fuse, and giving a substance of closer grain and denser texture than the soft. The soft can be scratched with a knife, the hard cannot; and the soft, more nearly approaching glass, melts at a lower degree of heat than the hard. The early Chelsea porcelain, for example, was only a semi-opaque glass—it was scarcely porcelain at all; indeed, Réaumur tried to produce porcelain by making glass hard and opaque. Böttcher, on the contrary, made hard porcelain by softening pottery, and rendering it translucent. The porcelain which stands foremost in the ceramic world is the Chinese—"China," *par excellence*.

B.C. 163 porcelain was common in China; A.D. 600 it was of as universal use as pottery at the present day with us; but it seems to have reached its highest perfection in A.D. 1000. The Porcelain Tower at Nankin was built in the year 1277, and is as fresh at the present day as when it was first put together. It is an octagon, or eight-sided building, nine stories high, or 261 feet from the ground, and covered with the finest porcelain that can be made. "The outer face is covered with slabs of glazed porcelain of various colours, principally green, red, yellow, and white; the body of the edifice is brick. At every story there is a projecting roof, covered with green tiles, and a bell suspended from each corner."\* Wonderful tales were told, and marvellous historic unities discovered, by the unearthing of some Chinese bottles from the Egyptian tombs. But Stanislas Julien, one of the first Chinese scholars living, has pronounced them, by their inscriptions, to be of a later period than the dynasties of the tombs wherein they were found. So all the learning and ingenuity displayed in showing how, when, and in what manner, ancient Egypt traded with China, has resulted in a clever interpolation by a few half-savage Arabs. The Portuguese, in 1518, were the first to import "China" into Europe, under the name of *porcellana*, which means, in Portuguese, a little pig, a cup, and a cowrie shell. But Marco Polo, the Venetian, was the first who penetrated into the Central Flowery Land—this, as early as the thirteenth century; and a very singular account may be found in his travels of the mode and manner of the porcelain manufacture he saw there. The East India Company was the next great importer; and, in 1631, Oriental porcelain was fashionable. Descending in the scale of time, we find that the royal Anne never used anything else; and Horace Walpole and the *Spectator* are evidence for the universal rage for "China" that filled British society from crown to heel. The hard Chinese porcelain—that porcelain which will not melt

in a furnace heat which fuses all but Dresden ware—is made of the earths called kaolin and petuntse. Kaolin is a decomposed felspar of silica and alumina, exceedingly difficult to melt; petuntse is a more fusible felspar, pure white, melting into a milky white under a heat which does not fuse the kaolin, whereby it envelopes the kaolin in a milk-white natural glaze. At one time we imported the Chinese kaolin into Europe; but good porcelain clays have been discovered here and there, and the importation is abandoned. The Chinese are before us in the excellence of their porcelain, and they are before us in their martyrology; for they have a potter-martyr, which, we believe, cannot be said of ourselves. Their martyr, now their fetish, is one Pousa, he who is emblemised in those little portly, podgy figures, called *magots* by our neighbours, but which we leave ignominiously anonymous, or call "sitting mandarins." This Pousa was a potter, who, to escape further ill-usage from a mandarin, during some abortive attempts to create a certain ware according to Imperial order and pattern, flung himself into the furnace. When the clay was baked it was found perfect, and the service entire; and the martyr-potter was exalted to the rank of a demigod forthwith. The pure white porcelain, called the "precious jewels of Tsatcheou," unornamented and uncoloured, is held in great esteem by the Celestials. It is to be found in houses, enshrined in cases of silk and velvet, and kept among the heirlooms and treasures of the family. The yellow egg-shell china, or egg-shell porcelain, with yellow patterns and ornaments, is sacred to the Emperors, the exportation forbidden under pain of death; and this yellow egg-shell, with the small ruby mark underneath, is the finest and the rarest of any kind whatever made in the kingdom. The blue and white comes from Nankin. Of this species the earlier specimens are the best; for the earlier were coloured with *lapis lazuli*, and the latter with smalt, which does not give so pure or vivid a blue. When a pale buff colour is introduced in the piece, the specimen is notably good. The Celadon, or sea-green porcelain, is another kind of great value. In this the glaze is of every shade of red, blue, green, and yellow, sometimes two colours blending together, like shot silk; but, for the most part, it is of a tender, wax-like sea-green, got by putting on the colour while the clay is moist, and burning it in. The crackle, or snake porcelain—that ware which is covered with self-originating cracks, which multiply as the piece gets older, and which cannot be produced by any art, and may occur to any specimen of a certain kind—is also very curious; so is the "egg-shell" porcelain; and that in which the figures only appear when the vessel is filled with fluid. All of these are special to China porcelain, and some of them are made now equal to their past perfection. The brown ware—brown outside, with white medallions, and white inside—is the ware of ordinary use. Ducks, turtles, fish, and other things that can swim, are made in great life-likeness; so are cats, as night lanterns for the bed-side, to frighten the mice away by the glare of their red, staring eyes. The Tantalus cup, which, as the drinker approaches, withdraws its fluid gifts to fling them up into his face and over his clothes as he recedes, is also purely Chinese; for the Celestials, whom some affirm to have "no imagination," have, at least, a fertile fancy, as may be seen

\* *The Middle Kingdom.*



in all their toys, their rich and varied patterns, and those wonderful inventions, their dragons and kylins, like nothing in heaven or earth.

Japanese porcelain is much like the Chinese, but superior in quality of paste, and in its brilliant reds and blues. Portugal once traded largely with Japan, and might have continued to do so to the present day, had not the missionaries unluckily interfered with the patterns on the plates and dishes. The Japanese home government did not trouble itself a straw about the number of the converts made; but when Scriptural pieces were substituted for the old orthodox porcelain patterns, the safety of the state was endangered, and the Portuguese were incontinently turned out of the kingdom. The Dutch, wiser than the Lusitanians, neither made converts nor interfered with the porcelain ware, so held the whole trade as a monopoly, much to their own advantage and the disgust of universal Europe. The Japanese hatred to Portugal was so strong that the Dutch kept out the English, by saying that their king, Charles II., was married to a Portuguese princess. Some very curious Japanese specimens are transparent open-work porcelain, simply filmed over with glaze. The lacquer ware, with mother-of-pearl ornaments on an aventurine ground, not unlike our *papier-mâché*, is also very curious and rare; and though not rare, the red unglazed stoneware, ornamented with raised patterns in rice, painted and gilded, is curious enough. Japanese porcelain has chiefly geometrical ornamentation, or scrolls and flowers, not often monsters or hideous beasts.

Hard paste porcelain found its best European exposition in the Dresden ware, which Böttcher, an apothecary's assistant at Berlin, suspected of having discovered the philosopher's stone, and thereupon persecuted, so greatly aided. He and the alchemist Tschirnhaus were kept like prisoners in the castle of Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, making pottery. Guarded by soldiers, kept in by portcullis and drawbridge, no going out for any one, and no admittance except to Electoral Highness, or Electoral Highness's orders, it was more like a criminal's place of punishment, or a beleaguered fortress, than an honest workshop. "Be secret until Death" was written everywhere on the castle walls, and each man within them knew that it was, in point of fact, a matter of life and death. At last some one found means to escape,—the old story everywhere,—and the secret was carried to Vienna, soldiers, drawbridge, portcullis, and threats, notwithstanding. Böttcher was a gay, frank, dissipated man, of immense strength and energy, able to work for five days and five nights without once leaving the furnace; able, too, to keep up the heart and spirits of his band of jaded workmen during an arduous task of four consecutive days and nights. He was the first to employ, as a porcelain clay, the kaolin of Aue, which Schnorr, the barber, discovered, and used for hair-powder. This kaolin completed Böttcher's fame, and laid the foundation of the magnificent Dresden ware. He made, too, a red ware, like jasper, which was "polished by lapidaries and gilded by goldsmiths;" and he made another, covered with a coloured glittering glaze, like Oriental lacquer-work. After Böttcher came Höroldt, who executed marvellous pieces of imitative Chinese. It was during his fictile kingship that the

Dresden ware became so singularly beautiful, and that the passion for it rose so high—higher even than honour, royalty, or nationality. When Frederick attacked Dresden, in 1746, Augustus, the "Porcelain King," fled, carrying with him his "China," but leaving the electoral archives and the city treasure to the mercy of the conqueror. Frederick seized on Meissen, and ransacked it: he found no greater treasures than the cups and dishes baked and painted there; and the vanquished regretted nothing, of all of which they had been plundered, more bitterly. Even men were exchanged against porcelain. Frederick William I. gave the Japan Palace at Dresden twenty-two large vases, which Augustus the Strong thought cheap at the cost of a regiment of dragoons.

After Meissen had ceased to be quite a prison for the workers in porcelain, it was yet kept very select, and permission to see the works ranked as one of the privileges of crowned heads. But when Count Brühl was minister, his tailor chose to importune him for leave to see the manufacture of this famous porcelain. Perhaps the noble profligate had reasons for not disobliging him; for, after much importunity, the minister granted permission, and the tailor was introduced. But the first thing he saw was an admirable caricatured likeness of himself, seated on a he-goat in a grotesque attitude, brandishing his shears, and with all the implements of his trade about him. His wife was also represented on a she-goat, with a baby in swaddling clothes lying across her knees. These pieces are known by the name of "Count Brühl's Tailor and his Wife," and are of exquisite finish and composition. The beautiful honeycomb vases, so peculiarly "old Dresden," were copied from a vase in the Japan Palace; and the lace-work, actually modelled,—not, like ours, woven lace encrusted, baked, and burnt,—is also a production of the finest time of Dresden art.

The old Chelsea porcelain was held by some to be equal to Dresden; at all events, Chelsea claimed a monopoly of a certain claret colour, not to be found elsewhere, and of which the secret has now died out, as the *rose Du Barry* and the *bleu du roi* of Sèvres; but all the Chelsea colours were full and good. It was to the Chelsea works that Dr. Johnson used to go with his little clay messes that were to "inaugurate a new era in the ceramic art," and that never came to any good whatever. Bow was contemporary with Chelsea, but chiefly remarkable for tea-services, which always bore a bee painted or embossed on some part of the cream jug. The Derby ware was a bright, deep blue; and the Worcester was a somewhat less intense, but still most beautiful, blue; while the Bristol china was white, like the white Dresden, and only to be distinguished from that by the purely English character of its figures.

But of all porcelains, of the past tense or the present, none have equalled the Sèvres in reputation; few in certain special beauties. Established and protected by Madame de Pompadour, watched over by Louis XIV., bought and owned by Louis XV., claiming the Du Barry as sponsor to one of its loveliest colours, respected by the Revolution, fostered by Napoleon, and at all times a national institution most dear to the national pride, Sèvres has enjoyed a full blaze of prosperity, from the first day when poor Madame Darnet,

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ST. MARY'S, REDCLIFF, BRISTOL. BY ALFRED MONTAGU.

SAINT MARY'S, Redcliff, is one of the most famous as well as most beautiful churches in the West of England. Its celebrity is not only due to the beauty of its structure, but to its connection with the history of Thomas Chatterton, who, born in its immediate neighbourhood, was constantly to be found (for he was an incorrigible idler and truant from school) haunting the aisles and the tower of this church, or crouching in the neighbourhood of one of its monuments,—that of William Canynge, whose name he afterwards took in vain in so extraordinary a manner. The ancestors of Chatterton, for five generations, had held the office of sexton to this church of St. Mary's; John Chatterton, his uncle, had last held the office; and from the nearness of the residence of Thomas, and the sort of hereditary connection, Chatterton had the "run," as it is called, of the place. William Canynge, a famous merchant of Bristol, had been a great benefactor to the church: one of the buildings of his erection was a muniment-room over the north porch, which in Chatterton's time contained several chests of title-deeds and papers, mainly referring to the

history of the church. To this chest Chatterton had access, and the knowledge thus acquired he employed in producing some of his forgeries. The first was a pedigree constructed for a foolish man named Burgum, who, from previous kindness to the forger, merited better from his hands. From this he proceeded, one such miserable trick after another, until the famous Rowley Poems were perpetrated.

The church of St. Mary was originally built by Simon Burton, Mayor of Bristol, in the year 1376, and was almost destroyed by a terrible storm in 1445. The greater part of the existing edifice was erected by the above-named W. Canynge. Two-thirds of the splendid spire, which was blown down in this tempest, was not rebuilt, and it remains truncated to this day, as our engraving shows it. It is cruciform in plan, its interior rich in all the various styles of English Gothic architecture. It contains some paintings by Hogarth, for altar-pieces. The Ladye Chapel is a fine specimen of later Gothic work.

Mr. Montagu's picture is one of the prizes of the Art-Union of London.

L. L.

the surgeon's wife, of St. Yrieix, near Limoges, discovered the white unctuous earth, which she, poor soul, would have used as a substitute for soap, but of which Macqueer, the chemist, made kaolin for his porcelain establishment at Sèvres, until the present time, when "pieces" are royal gifts, and "sets" are almost unattainable, even by royalty itself. The pear-shaped cups in the *style de Saxe*, the pieces painted by Watteau and other contemporary artists, the jewelled cups with the *bleu du roi* ground, the first flower-paintings, and the plates and vases of the *rose Du Barry*, are among the

most prized of the early Sèvres ware. But the fault of that early ware lay in its stiff, inelegant forms, which are not comparable to the Dresden for grace or harmony of line. In securing richness of decoration, and perfection of colour and material, the Sèvres artists overlooked the beauty of simplicity and the grace of outline, and, while leaving nothing to be desired in the manufacturer's work or the artist's, the modeller's is often very faulty. As if the meretricious taste entering then into the very heart of French life rendered it impossible for them to model a form which should be chaste yet



elegant, simple yet beautiful, and rich without superfluity or gaud. This stricture applies, though, only to the "stiff style" of Sèvres. In later days the error has been nobly redeemed, and the porcelain of Sèvres is now wanting in none of the virtues necessary to a royal ware. But it is not so unrivalled now as formerly; it does not stand so alone; it is not the only "crowned" of all. We have a worker amongst us who threatens to usurp the throne on which he has already taken his seat with the rest. And if Minton continues as he has begun, he will become the ceramic *maestro* of his age, the potter "king," holding Dresden and Sèvres as fiefs at his feet.

One word more, as to the choicest colours in the fictile art. The blue of old Nankin porcelain, the ruby mark on the "egg-shell" and "yellow" Chinese wares, the soft sea-green of the original Celadon, the imperial citron-yellow, and verdigris, are among the finest of the Eastern colours. In Europe, the best are the ruby, on the old Majolica of Pesaro; the *bleu du roi*, *rose Du Barry*, and turquoise, of Sèvres; the claret of Chelsea; and the blues of old Derby and Worcester. All colours are prepared from metallic oxides "ground down with fluxes or fusible glasses," melting on the porcelain, and fastening to the glazed surface, thus actually forming coloured glass whereon the paint is laid. E. L. L.

#### NOT MARRIED FOR LOVE.

##### I.

"AND so you are married, Melvil! Rather a rapid proceeding for a curate just ordained. By-the-by, did you not say you were married *before* you were ordained?"

"Yes; before I took my degree."

"I would have kept you out of that folly, if I had been at hand, at any rate. And, of course, you are as poor as church mice?"

"As poor as church mice—not a doubt about *that*;" and the young clergyman glanced round his little cottage study, which was luxuriously furnished with two cane chairs, and a low-railed chair, cushioned with gray chintz, which indicated feminine occupation, a stained deal table, and heaps of books piled on shelves fitted into the walls. It was summer time, and as the window was open to the lawn, with a framework of creepers all round it, and the sun shining in, it did not look so very disconsolate as might have been supposed. Mr. Melvil had often thought it a happy retreat before; but he fancied it poverty-stricken now, because his wealthy college friend seemed to pity him for having nothing better.

"Married for love?" suggested this friend, ironically.

The curate contemplated the threadbare knees of his black trousers for a minute or two, and then said, confusedly, "No."

"Not married for love, yet so indiscreetly tied up! How was it, then, pray?"

"I'll tell you—it was for *pity*."

"Could not have had a worse motive! but that's by the way—go on."

"You remember Sandys—our tutor?"

"Yes,—good fellow."

"Too good by half. He provided for everybody but his own family, as if he meant to live for ever, then at the most inconvenient season possible he died, and his income died with him. There was the widow and the two boys, and there was Clary—you recollect Clary?"

"Yes; the wild little gipsy! but you surely did not marry *her*?"

"Yes; Clary is my wife."

"Why, she must have been a baby!"

"She was sixteen within a few weeks after we were married. You see, the little thing came to me crying, and saying that she was to be sent to some horrid school, where she did not want to go——"

"I perceive; and you, being soft-hearted, invited her to become your wife on the spot?"

"Precisely so."

"And she, blushing celestial rosy red, answered that she should be very glad?"

"Mamma consented promptly, and the sacrifice was accomplished," said the curate, in mock heroic-style. "Clary is a good girl, but I never was in love with her. Is it not that sagacious worthy, Sir Thomas More, who says we never ardently love that for which we have not longed? I had never thought of Clary except as a child, until pity for her forlornness surprised me into the commission of matrimony."

If Mr. Melvil and his friend had been quicker-eared, or rather less absorbed, they might have heard a light step crossing the turf as they talked together, and retreating fast—fast as the last words were spoken. It was Clary. Neither of them, however, saw either the approach or the flight, and they went on talking quite composedly.

"Benham offered me his London curacy; but Clary hates London, so I took this, and thought myself very lucky. We get the cottage cheap, and eighty pounds a-year—a decent starving for the three of us—we have a treasure of an Irish servant besides ourselves to feed."

"And how many more by-and-by?" insinuated Mr. Warrenne, spitefully.

Just in time to prevent a reply, the treasure of an Irish servant opened the study door, and announced in her rich brogue, "Plase, sir, t' tay's ready in t' dhrawing-room, an' t' missis is waiting."

"Come along, then, Warrenne. I wonder whether Clary will recognise you."

The two gentlemen crossed the passage to the opposite parlour, which Nora signified as the "dhrawing-room," and found the young mistress of the house seated before the tray, prettily dressed in a clear blue muslin, with her soft brown hair flowing in wavy curls, and with a smile on her rosy mouth—the little hypocrite! Her heart was fit to break under that gently swelling bodice, where she had so daintily fastened a cluster of George's favourite flowers. She had tired herself in her best to do her husband's friend honour, and as Mr. Warrenne shook hands, and received the welcome of an old acquaintance, he thought in his own mind that—the indiscretion of the marriage apart—she was as comfortable a little wife as a man need desire to possess. She was not exactly pretty, but she looked very nice and loveable; her skin was so clear, her complexion so pure, her figure so girlish and graceful. Then all her



ways were quiet and gentle; she had affectionate eyes, and an expression sensible as well as sweet, and her voice was musical as a bird's. Unless Mr. Melvil had told his friend in so many words that he was not in love with his wife, Mr. Warrenne would never have discovered it, for the curate was as assiduous in his attentions to her as if these were their courting days.

Clary gave no sign that anything had happened to grieve her; but she was relieved when tea was over, and George went out with Mr. Warrenne to show him the village, which was considered pretty by strangers, and which had been heaven to her. She had been very happy with her young husband, and had found nothing wanting to her content; but now, as the two walked away through the garden, she stood watching them with clasped hands and the tears in her sunny eyes, repeating under her breath, "George said he did not love me; he married me for pity! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

## II.

Perhaps many young wives in Clary's painful position would have made a virtue of proclaiming their wrong, and inflicting misery on themselves and their helpmates; but not so George's girl-wife. Her first impulse was against herself, that she should have been so blind as not to see that it was a sacrifice and not a joy to him to marry her; but then she reasoned that it was *done, irrevocable*, and that she could only fret and disturb his peace by betraying what she had accidentally overheard; so she kept it to herself, and only tried to make him love her better.

"Though he does not love me, I know he would miss me and be very sorry if I were gone," she said in her heart; and after a while the sore pain that first stab had given her passed away, and the same bright face smiled by his hearth, the same light-tripping feet went by his side, and the same affectionate sunshine filled his home as heretofore.

There was plenty of work in his parish for Mr. Melvil, for his rector was rarely at home; but the young clergyman took a conscientious view of his post, and did his utmost. Clary was a great help to him. The cottagers liked her, and the school children liked her. The people, and the squire at the head of them, said the Melvils were an acquisition to the parish, and long might they stay there! The young wife, especially, was beloved; those who were in trouble said she seemed to know how to talk to them about faith, patience, and comfort, better than the curate himself—though what trials could *she* have known at her age?

In the village there were many ladies, single and double, portionless and well-dowered, pretty and plain; but amongst the whole troop, had the curate been free to choose, he could not have found one to suit him half so well as Clary. Sometimes, I am sure, he must have gone home to the rest and peace of her presence with an elastic, masculine satisfaction, although he was *not* in love. For instance, when he had called at Mr. Bennett's, of the Hall, and heard the squires depreciate her husband's sense and character, as if by the process she exalted her own;—Clary would never depreciate *his*; if she had a fault, it was that she inclined to glorify him too much. Or, again, after a visit to Captain Wells,

whose three pretty daughters were flounced, perfumed, and accomplished out of all nature and genuineness. They had sweet, expressionless faces, they lisped the *fadeest* nonsense, and conducted themselves with regard to the duties of life more like butterflies than creatures endowed with souls; the very prettiest of them would have bored the clever curate to extinction in a month. Or the two Miss Prances, who flirted so dreadfully with officers; or Miss Hardwood, who was rich as a Jew, and fearfully ill-tempered; or Miss Briggs, who was rich also, but penurious and very vulgar; or Miss Clerks, who were nice girls, but had not an idea beyond crochet-work; or Miss Farsight, who was too scientific to mend her stockings; or Miss Diana Falla, who wrote poetry and rode to hounds; or Miss Broughtons, who were nothing particular. These ladies had their good points; but not one of them would have had Clary's charming little way of loving George better than herself. Only let him fear that he is going to lose her, and then, I think, he will find out, that though he is *not* in love, still he loves her very much!

## III.

Greenfield had its drawbacks, as well as its delights, like other pretty villages; and one of the most serious of these was a tendency to low fever when the spring season had been unusually damp. A beck that ran across the green overflowed in the rains, and when it retired to its bed, left behind a deposit which bred pestilential vapours that poisoned the lives of the people. The curate's cottage stood high, and out of the influence of the baleful exhalations; but his duties carried him to and fro amongst the poor, and exposed him daily to the contagion. No danger would have made *him* evade these duties, heavier at this season than at any other; but when fever was in the village, he laid his commands on Clary that *she* should stay at home; and Clary stayed, like the obedient little wife she was, instead of being foolishly heroic, and adding to his inevitable anxieties.

But Clary watched him with furtive tenderness all the time, and was ever ready with dry clothing and warm slippers when he returned home, to spare him the risk of cold. But what was to be came to pass, for all her love and all her care!

One steamy April night, after a long and fatiguing afternoon on the Marsh, as the lower part of Greenfield was called, the curate came home, ready to sink with weariness, and complaining of a pain in his head, and sickness. Clary stole out of the room, and despatched the Irish treasure to summon the doctor. When the doctor came, he ordered George to bed, and said he hoped to set him up again in a few days. But, instead of improving, George grew worse; the fever ravaged his frame terribly, and he was delirious day after day. This went on to the climax of the disorder, and then it took a favourable turn; but a long season of uselessness and inaction lay before the curate. He must leave Greenfield for sea-air, and lie by for months. Meanwhile his absence must be supplied by another clergyman.

These inevitable *musts*, so trivial to other people who have long purses, were purely and simply a sentence of destitution to the Melvils. George wanted to stay at home, and get occasional help from his neighbouring clergy; but Clary made up a determined little



face, and said "No." They must go over to the Isle of Wight for the summer months, and regain health and strength for him, even if Greenfield had to be resigned altogether.

Clary managed *somehow*: she would not give details, on the plea that George must keep his mind quiet; and in the beginning of June they found themselves lodged in a retired farm-cottage, standing in the midst of delicious meadows, with a view of a glorious bay, cliffs, and distant towns. They luxuriated in the beauty around them like a pair of happy children; and though George was *not* in love with his sunshiny little wife, he would have got on *there* very indifferently without her. She petted and indulged him to that extent that he grew stout, and strong, and selfish, very fast indeed; and would sometimes have forgotten how very ill he had been, if she had not watched him, and taken such extraordinary care of him. She liked to hear herself claimed in his short, imperative way: it showed, at any rate, that she was needful to him. If she had gone into the polished farm-kitchen to superintend or to concoct with her own hands some wonderful tempting dish, to coax his delicate appetite, presently he was heard from the garden or parlour crying out, "Clary, what are you doing? I want you!" Then when she appeared, with floury little paws, and fire-heated cheek, he would just look up at her and say, "Why do you run away and leave me for hours together, Clary?" and she would laugh, and tell him she had not been gone ten minutes—what did he mean? and then disappear again. Sometimes he would come into the kitchen itself, and sit down in Farmer Hood's great chair, and follow her about with his hollow eyes, and finally take her off, with his arm round her waist—although he was not a bit in love, and only pitied her!

He was not allowed to study solemn books; but Clary permitted a little light mental aliment to be taken each morning and evening from certain thin, blue magazines, which she borrowed from the library in the nearest village, which was slowly developing into a fashionable watering-place. One evening, while she was doing a little of the fine darning, in which nobody excelled her, George, who had been for some time sitting silent over his book, broke out into his merry laugh, saying, "Listen here, Clary; here are some beautiful verses! Hark, how the lines limp! I wonder how the editor could print such stuff!"

He began to read the lines in a mock-heroic style, which certainly made them infinitely ludicrous. At first, Clary coloured a little; but before he came to the end she was laughing as heartily as himself.

He then volunteered to read a short story, entitled "Patience Hope's Trial," which he did with a running commentary, such as, "That is bad grammar"—"The punctuation makes nonsense of every other paragraph"—"High-flown, rhapsodical rubbish," &c. &c.; and when he came to the end, he pronounced it the silliest little tale he had ever read. Clary darned on most composedly, and agreed with George that it *was* silly; but there was a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, as if she were sorely tempted to make a confession about that same silliest of little tales; however, reflecting that the shock of learning he had a literary wife might be too much for his nerves in their present weak state, she dis-

creetly held her peace, and contented herself by making him imbibe her earnings under various strengthening and agreeable forms.

Before the summer was ended the thin blue magazine readers were familiar with Clary's signature of "Ivy;" but after that she disappeared suddenly from its pages, to many people's regret; for its subscribers were not, as a rule, highly-trained, educated, college gentlemen, but day-workers and toilers in the world's wide labour-fields, who find an agreeable relaxation in the perusal of a silly little tale, whose interest turns on the humble, daily virtues which they have so much occasion to exemplify in their own obscure lives. I believe the editor was inquired of once or twice why "Ivy" had ceased her contributions. "Ivy" was otherwise occupied.

In the first place, Mr. Warenne had presented George with a small living, and there was a queer little rectory-house to paint, paper, and generally embellish. Far be it from me to derogate from Clary's dignity, but I will tell one thing of her, because I think it was to her credit. The first time Mr. Warenne went to see his old friend, George was in his study, as usual, but it had been made to look more cosy and homelike than that at Greenfield, and the young rector looked proportionably more dignified in it. After a little desultory chat, George proposed to seek his wife,—and how does everybody think they found her employed? She was papering her own drawing-room—that little drawing-room which was afterwards the admiration of the whole neighbourhood! Mounted on some steps, in a big apron, the property of the Irish treasure, with her brown curls tucked behind her little ears, and with pasty hands, and sleeves rolled up above her dimpled elbows, she was sticking the pretty, simple paper upon the wall,—the last bit of it. What did she do? Jump down in blushing horror at being caught in such *déshabille*, and cover everybody else and herself with confusion? Not a bit of it! She looked radiantly over her shoulder, and said—"You must wait five minutes; then I'll speak to you!" and proceeded to finish her task, to the admiration of the Irish treasure, who had acted as her assistant; and also to the admiration—and not a bit to the astonishment—of Mr. Warenne and George.

The work done, she descended; and, as the gentlemen had got possession of the window-seat, she placed herself on the lowest step but one of her ladder, and they all talked about the island, and the sea, and George's recovery, and the new rectory, and other interesting topics; and Clary was so altogether bright, unaffected, and charming, that when George and his friend left her at length, the latter said, "Melvil, if Clary were not your wife, I should make up to her myself!" And George actually laughed, and said he had better take care what he was about, or he should be obliged to quarrel with him; and then he extolled her virtues very much, as if—as if he were in love at last; but this time Clary was not there to overhear.

This was Clary's first occupation; her next was different. Perhaps the physical and mental strain had been, for the last twelve months, almost too much for her youth; for those who loved her began to notice that her spirits flagged, and that her brisk feet went slowly to and fro the garden walks. George watched



her anxiously ; but his friends told him to be patient, and wait awhile, and she would be better soon. But it is very hard to be patient when we see what we have learnt to prize above all else in the world fading slowly before our eyes—and so Clary seemed to fade.

"George, you must take care of Clary, or you will lose her," her mother told him, abruptly: "I do not like her symptoms at all."

It was after this harsh communication—for the mother spoke as if he were to blame for her child's fate—that George involuntarily betrayed to his young wife how much he feared for her.

"And you would grieve to lose me, George?" said she, a little mournfully.

"It would break my heart, Clary! Oh, don't talk of my losing you!" cried he, passionately kissing her thin, white hands. "Who have I in the world besides you? who loves me as you do?"

"I think nobody loves you as I do, George! It is selfish in me,—but it is the happiest time I have had for a long while, to see how you would be sorry if I were gone: I should not like to think you could forget me soon."

"Clary, you will live to bless me for many a year yet!"

"That must be as God wills, George: let us both say, that must be as God wills."

"As God wills, my darling!" and George hid his face on Clary's bosom, that she might not see his tears.

Perhaps the covetous, watchful tenderness that now surrounded the young wife revived her courage and strength, for she rallied visibly; and, after a few months, George had to baptize a little copy of himself, and to return thanks for Clary's safe deliverance. After that day, nobody could have persuaded him that there had ever been a time when he was not in love with his wife, or when he did not think her the dearest treasure in the whole wide world.

There are three children at the rectory now, and it is one of the happiest homes that can be found in the county. Mr. Warne, who has become more cynical than ever, quotes the pair as an exemplification of how well two people who are rightly matched in other things may get on through life without falling into that enthusiasm of love which hot-headed boys and girls esteem the grand climax of existence. One day, in the confidence of friendship, he was so ill-advised as to remind the rector of the confession he had formerly made to himself, and George was actually offended.

"Not in love with Clary? she is the only woman for whom I ever cared a chip!" cried he: "you are under a delusion, Warne; I never can have said anything so absurdly false."

The rector thinks so now; and Clary is converted to the same opinion. I do not see what Mr. Warne has to do with it. Bygones should always be bygones. Clary has never yet confessed about that silliest of little tales in the thin blue magazine; perhaps it has slipped her memory,—but all her love, devotion, and patience of that time will never escape George's. If he knew who wrote "Patience Hope's Trial," he would possibly be inclined to call it a "gem of fiction" now, instead of what he did then, because he would see it from a real point of view.

HOLME LEE.

#### ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH ECCLESIASTIC.

ROMAN Catholic Missions are, it seems, very different affairs from Protestant ones;—priests are suffered to go out poorly appointed, with no fund for their support, nay, almost after the old apostolic fashion, "without purse or scrip."

A work of singular value has recently come to hand, by a fervent missionary of that persuasion, whom the severe toils of his outset have entirely overthrown, and who has well used his compulsory leisure in the composition of an interesting personal narrative of his adventures.\* At the age of twenty-two he received ordination from the Abbé Dubuis, in San Antonio. The mission, whose labours he shared with the Abbé, comprised the German Catholics, who were dispersed through the towns, settlements, and villages on the north-western boundary of Texas, as also the Irish soldiers who were employed in the American service to repress the incursions of the Indian tribes.

There is not much religious interest in the book; but some of the adventures and descriptions are remarkably striking and singularly graphic. From San Antonio M. Domenech went to Castroville, and principally employed himself in the study of German, and the hunting of panthers and serpents, sometimes cooking and eating the latter. They were driven to these shifts for subsistence by the want of means. To obtain the luxury of fresh meat, they had to fatten cats. The little money they got was spent in powder, to enable them to destroy wild animals for food. In this way he once shot a crocodile, that took six men to lift into a wagon, and which was carried in triumphal procession to the village, and distributed for a general feast. Only the fleshy portions of the tail are eaten. It did not strike our author that the flesh was well-flavoured; it emitted a powerful odour of musk, that gave headache and spoilt appetite. Inside the crocodile were found eight large stones, a great quantity of pebbles, and seven or eight entire lobsters.

There is much yarn-spinning in this book. We do not use the phrase offensively, or mean to throw any doubt on the author's veracity; but he manifestly takes pride in relating wonders. Many of these are feats performed by himself. One of them entitles him to take rank with Mazeppa. We must tell the tale rather fully. Our Missionary calls it a "Steeple-chase on a Wild Horse."

Having met with an American scientific expedition near "the camp of the Leona," our inquisitive priest became so excitingly interested in their narrations, that he resolved to accompany the travellers. But, as the Abbé Dubuis might be uneasy at his prolonged absence, he got the colonel to lend him a horse, which would take him in a few hours to the camp of Dhanis, where he promised to leave the animal, and take a fresh horse to carry him on the same day to Castroville. Having ridden at the top of his horse's speed, he was, on his arrival at Dhanis, in a bath of perspiration, and his horse covered with foam. Take the remainder of the story *in extenso*:—

"I went straightway to the commandant, to pray lend

\* *Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico. A Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions.* By the Abbé Domenech. Translated from the French under the Author's superintendence. London: Longmans.



me another without delay. 'Do you dream of such a thing?' said he to me. 'To ride eighty miles the same day! Better rest a little, and you can start again to-morrow morning.' 'No, no; I must arrive at Castroville this evening.' 'The thing is difficult, but it is possible. Do you ride well?' 'I have never been taught to ride. But once on a horse's back, I fall only when the horse falls.' 'That's all that's required. Would you like a —?' Here he made use of the word *wild*, which conveyed to me the idea of mettlesome, instead of the word *mustang*. I understood him to offer me a very spirited horse; and, suspecting that he wished to frighten me, I replied firmly, 'I desire nothing better. I'll go all the quicker on that account.' Whereupon he sent for the horse, and I saw the animal, as he approached, full of fire, and held with difficulty by four dragoons, whom he tossed from one side to the other, although his legs had been previously tied. At a glance I recognised a real *mustang*—a wild horse of the prairies. I was almost sure of breaking my neck if I mounted such an animal; and the imminent peril made my heart beat in a most unpleasant way. But, not wishing to give Americans an opportunity to jeer at a Frenchman, and, above all, at a Catholic priest, I summoned up all my courage, and prepared to mount. 'Are you really bent upon mounting this horse?' inquired the officer, who, no doubt, began to feel twitches of remorse at exposing me to such danger. 'Recollect that he has only been mounted twice, and that it is but two days since he was nigh breaking my leg.' 'Captain,' I replied, proudly, 'have the horse held fast until I am on his back. Then give him his head.' Taking hold of the mane with one hand and the saddle with the other, I endeavoured to put my foot in the stirrup, but all my efforts and ingenuity were unavailing; the horse all the time was plunging from one side to the other, and making desperate bounds. My honour was at stake; I retired one or two paces behind, then made a spring, and was in the saddle. Having thrust my feet quickly into the stirrups, and holding the bridle with both hands, I ordered them to loose the thongs which bound his legs, and to give the horse his liberty. Off he started, rushed down the hill, and crossed the river in the twinkling of an eye, amid the hurrahs of the Irish soldiers, who had assembled to witness the scene, and who exulted in my triumph. I was barely able to keep the *mustang's* head in the right direction; he bore me along with such speed, that I felt a dizziness in the head; at every stump of a tree, at every plant of anything like fantastic shape, he started aside so suddenly that I was many times in great danger of being flung from the saddle and rolled in the dust. Thanks to God! I held fast. After an hour's furious speed the *mustang* became knocked up a little, and I was then able to direct his pace. Arrived at Vandenberg, I made no stay, notwithstanding my fatigue and hunger, and having hastily drunk off a bowl of milk, I resumed my journey. Some panther skins, which had been spread out to dry, frightened my horse, and he dashed through an opening into an enclosure, where a few bulls were peacefully chewing the cud. Instantly, as we appeared, up started the bulls, and commenced bellowing most terrifically. The horse, terror-stricken, cleared at one prodigious bound the wall of the enclosure. I remained in the saddle I know not how; and now we sped through the air more furiously than ever. At length, near Quihi, the horse dashed aside at the sight of a rattle-snake, and in his fright struck against the trunk of a tree, and so hurt himself that he was thenceforward obliged to hobble along at a very moderate pace. Although nearly worn out by fatigue and exhaustion, I dismounted to give some ease to the poor animal, and, leading him by the bridle, I made the twelve miles which still lay between me and Castroville on foot. Notwithstanding the delay, I arrived before the night set in, and having handed over the poor disabled animal to the sheriff, to be sent back to the camp of the Leona, I went to bed."

Our author gives rather a poor account of a prairie

on fire. The sight, which novelists, as he says, represent as grand and terrible, disappointed him. At night, he tells us, that long and brilliant line of fire, which rushes on so rapidly, is curious to behold, but it never rises more than a few feet from the earth.

"Reptiles easily escape by hiding themselves in holes. Animals have been described as terrified by these conflagrations, and as escaping in the wildest manner, and howling with dismay. This is, at least, an exaggeration. I have seen deer browsing tranquilly within a few yards of the fire, and then bounding over it when it approached them too closely. Herds of oxen and horses retire before it with great composure, and, like the deer, leap over it when necessary."

Another equestrian feat must be recorded:—

"On my way back to Castroville, I resolved to cut right across the mountains to avoid that long monotonous plain which I had thrice traversed in less than twelve hours. I thought, too, by this means, to shorten the length of my journey. But I soon discovered that the straightest road is not always the shortest. I crossed at a gallop the hill which seemed to me of easiest ascent, but all at once I found myself, as it were, on the first step of a gigantic terrace, formed of little hills of some hundred of feet in height. As I rode a *mustang* horse, which cleared all obstacles like a chamois, I soon reached the highest point, on an immense plateau overlooking a chain of mountains, which sink gradually as they overlook the Gulf of Mexico, but which, towards the north-west, increase gradually in height, until they effect a junction with the Rocky Mountains. Distant a few miles from this is a small lake, difficult of access, to which troops of *mustangs*, oxen, and deer come to drink; and it is also the favourite resort of the domestic animals which have wandered away from their owners, and which, having reached this lake, never afterwards leave its vicinity, but become wild. This plateau was a magnificent observatory, and the prospect it commanded seemed to extend to infinity. It was covered with flowers, some of which were surpassingly beautiful from the brilliance of their colours. The trees were few and stunted, for the north wind, which continually sweeps these summits, prevents luxuriant vegetation; and such trees as had resisted the cutting wind were half broken, and bore traces of the fury of the tempest. All these hills and mountains, which lay between me and Castroville, were cut up with deep ravines, hollowed out by the tropical rains, and were, for the most part, impassable, and so dangerous that I was constrained to ride round them. Thus, wasting much time, and worried to death by these obstacles, I became more and more impatient and heedless of danger; so much so, that on many occasions I was nearly rolling down with my horse into the yawning abysses beneath. My carelessness of danger had almost cost me my life. Having to descend a ravine about a hundred feet in depth, and fearing lest my horse should fall upon me were I to lead him by the bridle, I remained in the saddle, and thus reached the bottom of the precipice uninjured; but as to escalading the other side, which rose like a wall before me, my horse proved himself unequal to the task after many bootless attempts. Unwilling to remain for ever in the ravine, I made a last effort, let go the bridle, and with voice, whip, and spur, urged on the horse. The animal became furious, and started off, holding himself almost quite upright against the perpendicular embankment, and at the same instant I felt a most intense pain in the region of the epigastrium; it was the pommel of the saddle, which had given me a frightful contusion. I thought I should have died, for the blood was flowing from my mouth; yet, to prevent myself from falling, I was obliged to cling to the mane of my gallant steed, which at last surmounted the precipice. My pains were intense, and I was still a long way from Castroville; yet, somehow, I arrived almost in a dying state, and thoroughly penetrated with the conviction that the longest roads are often the best."



Dying, but not dead. The Abbé Domenech still lived to write this book, which contains incidents that we should little look to find in it. By nature and disposition our traveller was evidently better fitted for the active than the meditative life. A scene which he had with Santa Anna dreadfully illustrates the treachery practised by the Americans against the Indians. He describes the chieftain as "a formidable adversary; and, without being at all corpulent, he weighed 323 lbs. He was the living image of a Titan."

The following is a very curious example of the grotto-picturesque:—

"An old German priest, an enthusiastic naturalist, who officiated in Braunfels and the neighbouring colonies at the time, although almost blind, took it into his head to travel on foot from Braunfels to Fredericksburg, for the purpose of collecting scientific curiosities along the way. He started one fine morning, his only luggage being a double pair of spectacles stuck on his nose, a tin box slung from his shoulders, and some provisions. The first day of his journey his box was filled with rare plants, and his pockets crammed with mineralogical specimens, while his hat was covered with insects fastened to it with pins. As he had killed a great many serpents of large dimensions, he knotted them together and coiled them round his body. The next day again he killed a rattlesnake, seven or eight feet in length, which he also wound round his body, and which served him as a belt. On he went in this most grotesque attire, never for a moment thinking of the picturesque and strange effect he must produce on the minds of those who should meet him. Never relaxing in his search for some new object to add to his variegated accoutrements, and keeping his eyes continually on the ground, he was nearly marching into the midst of a body of Comanches, who were deer-hunting at the time. This walking collection of plants, insects, and reptiles, which advanced majestically towards them, so terrified them, that they fled panic-stricken from it as a supernatural apparition. The third day, our friend the German had consumed all his provisions, and finding only a little fruit in the woods, was beginning to feel the cravings of hunger, when he descried columns of smoke proceeding from a clearing. He at once turned his steps in that direction. Some Red Skins had pitched their camp on the spot, but at the sight of this strange pedestrian, they began to yell, and prepare at once for flight. The good priest, who employed the most significant signs with a view of arresting their flight, and tranquillising them, succeeded in the end in making them understand that he was dying of hunger. The Indians, not daring to offend an unknown divinity, tremblingly placed before him coffee, maize, and some mule's flesh, which he ate with great avidity, and like a simple mortal. This meal gave him strength enough to bring him to Fredericksburg, where he arrived on the third day without accident."

We pass by some acrimonious remarks on Protestant missions and sects, and the Methodist camp-meetings, so usual in America, for the more salient descriptions and narratives that give to the work its true value. The Catholic Missionary, indeed, avoids dealing in controversy, and confines himself strictly to sacerdotal offices. His ministry is exclusively practical. The Abbé Domenech seems not to have exceeded his province. He was a worker, not a talker, and acted as a physician, where his aid was needed. To raise the necessary funds for building a church, he dared all the perils and toils of a nomade existence. His experience of this way of life did not exactly agree with the statements of poets. To sleep in the bosom of a tropical night, in a warm, perfumed atmosphere, on the green sward, and under the starry firmament, was not so

pleasant a thing as they had described. He found his bed made hard and uncomfortable by small flint pebbles, that would not let him sleep. The insects, too, made way through his garments, and stung him continually; while his ears were perpetually alarmed with the barking of foxes, and the caterwaulings of tigers and panther-cats. The night-dews also chilled him, the damp penetrated him, and he was seized with incessant shivering. Notwithstanding all this, his companion was able to sleep; but our hero himself was kept wide awake. Melancholy thoughts, too, attended his wanderings during the day. He thought and talked of bygone days; of his family homestead; the old church, where, as a child, he used to say his prayers; the centenarian lime-trees, which witnessed his gambols; the beloved mother who rocked him to sleep as she hummed her song of love; the playmates of his childhood—that golden age when all is happiness—sweet reminiscences, yet cruel, as their reflection cast a cloud of sorrow over the present. Of the future he was fearful. His health, indeed, had broken down:—

"I closed my eyes," he sadly records, "that I might not look before me, and spoke only of the passing moments, of that journey which was far from being agreeable, but which promised variety, and a few of those unforeseen events which occupy the mind, and prevent it from thinking. When God, to try a missionary, abandons him to his own weakness, distraction is happiness."

The insufficient appointments of the Roman Catholic Missionary justify this dejection of mental mood. "Oh, how full of thorns are the roses of the mission!" exclaims our poor Abbé, when relating his sufferings arising from the dangers and difficulties consequent on his want of proper resources for carrying on the holy war in which he was engaged. He relates other instances of similar sufferings in the companions of his labours—"the victims of Christian charity." He had natural obstacles enough to contend with. Sometimes he had to pass an inundated road, surrounded with all the terrors of the tempest; without energy himself, he had to trust to his horse. He rode through waves of mud:—

"In a short time, the route became somewhat more elevated, and I traversed a wood of oaks. I found that my horse had found a dry and solid footing; and notwithstanding the fever which preyed upon me, I enjoyed a moment of happiness. But, alas! how quickly it passed. It appeared to me that my horse was listening to something; he pricked up his ears, and became uneasy and restive; he snorted violently, and at last reared, and refused to advance. I was unable to distinguish any object in the dark, and still I was satisfied that the poor animal was not thrown into this state of terror without some cause. I drew one of my pistols from the holster, and struck my spurs into the horse to urge him forward. A frightful mewling then was heard, and two phosphoric lights blazed at twenty paces from me. The mystery was at once solved; it was a tiger, or panther, or, perchance, a number of these animals which surrounded me, for my head reeled so that I fancied that burning eye-balls were fixed on me from every side. I had a brace of pistols; to wound one of these animals would have been attended with too much danger; to kill it would be impossible, owing to the darkness and the unsteadiness of my aim; I therefore discharged my pistol in the air. My horse, maddened with terror, became quite unmanageable, and started off at full speed. I kept well in my saddle. The panthers slunk away to a short distance at the report of the pistol, but they



soon returned to within a few feet of the route. From all this I concluded, whilst galloping along, that their dens had been inundated, and that I was in danger every instant of tumbling into some creek. The croaking of frogs, which was becoming more distinct as I proceeded, left no doubt on my mind as to the fact. In a few minutes I heard the splashing of water about my horse's legs, and I felt the cold seizing first my feet, and then running up my limbs at every stride. At last, the horse sank in the water up to his breast, stopped suddenly, and, after that, neither words, nor blows, nor spurs, affected him in the least. He seemed changed into marble."

The sagacious animal, in fact, desisted that further progress was impossible. The rains had formed a deep lake. Our abbé, therefore, had to retrace his steps. He dismounted, and leaning against a tree, threatened the panthers with his pistols. They made a circuit round him, without coming too near, howling in an appalling manner, so that his horse with terror remained motionless. The electric fluid fell within fifteen yards of him, setting fire to the forest herbage. The conflagration spread, and he dreaded to be roasted; but it was extinguished by a shower of rain. When morning came, he found it possible to cross the lake.

Our abbé's state of mind was not enviable. His disgust with circumstances is too evident; but he did his duty with zeal, though without enthusiasm. His reflections deepened. "Alas!" says he, in one place, "life seems to be but a perpetual farewell to men and things." Still, he was abundant in labours; building up the local church, for which he had obtained subscriptions, with his own hands, and fetching stones from the quarry by his own personal exertions. The Abbé Dubuis was his fellow-labourer. They set to work with saw and hatchet like real carpenters. Our author's hands were blistered, but those of Dubuis were more fitted for the work. Indeed, he was indefatigable; but, more delicate, Domenech was obliged to desist, and take to school-teaching instead, which he seems to have liked as little as building. The church was ultimately built, at the cost of 130*l.*, and was worth 1600*l.*; but the builders were ruined with the toil they had undergone. They spat blood. Our author suffered from acute rheumatism; he was, in fact, disabled. Both ecclesiastics resolved on returning to France. They felt they had done their work. The good they had effected "was not religious and moral only, it was also material and tangible." The Abbé Dubuis, however, could not be spared; our author was too ill to be useful, and was, therefore, permitted to leave America. But he was destined to return, and to accumulate materials for recording a second journey.

The second part of this work is more didactic than the first, and is principally concerned with a moral estimate of the American and Mexican character. Sometimes, however, we meet with a pretty piece of description; and altogether, the tone is more cheerful. The author had become disgusted with civilisation on his recent brief visit to Rome and Paris, and hasted back with a new relish to the woods.

There are, it seems, liquids, drugs, or perfumes, known only to the sect of the Vaudoux, that produce temporary insanity. The immorality of this sect, according to the abbé, surpasses even that of Mormonism. He was enabled, by a female native of Louisiana, to

give some account of it. The sect was originally from Africa, but is widely spread among the negroes of the United States and the Antilles. They possess important secrets respecting the properties of certain plants, more or less unknown. They make perfumes or poisons, the effects of which are widely different, one kind killing by degrees, another like the thunderbolt; while some attack reason in different degrees, or destroy it altogether. They are also in possession of peculiar antidotes. A large number of Creoles, of whites, and of coloured people belong to this sect.

The Abbé Domenech incurred the malignity of the notorious General Avalos by his efforts, fervent though fruitless, to save some of his victims from the ferocious cruelty of the despot. But it was not this fact, or the trials of his position, that induced the Abbé, for a second time, to surrender his mission. His mind was too sensitive, and his frame too debilitated, to prolong the struggle. Looking forth on the Rio Grande by moonlight, his soul partook of the inspiration of the scene; nevertheless his mental eye turned towards France, separated from him by the space of nine thousand miles.

"With a mistaken zeal, perhaps, for the glory of God and the salvation of my neighbour," he says, "I had, without doubt, been imprudent, and thus hastened the ruin of my health. But, can man be always a sure judge in his own cause?"

The book is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge. It has been most ably translated, and ought to be extensively read.

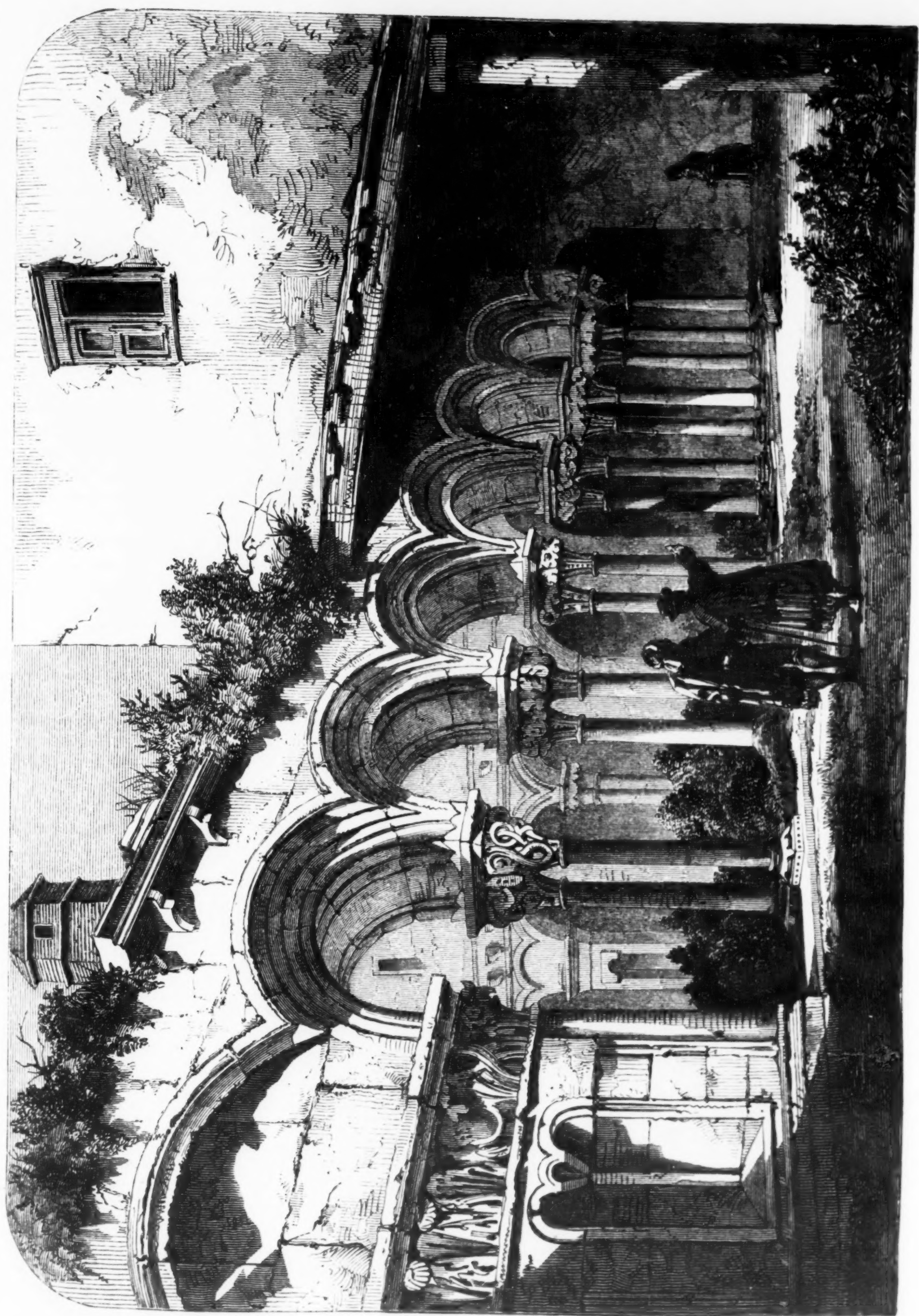
#### CLOISTERS OF "LAS HUELGAS," NEAR BURGOS.

By T. R. MACQUOID.

THE Convent of "Las Huelgas," Burgos, was founded by Alonso VIII., in the year 1180, for the use of a community of Cistercian nuns, and received its name from being built in some "Gardens of Recreation" that belonged to the above-named King, who thought to expiate many sins that lay upon his soul by converting a place of pleasure into a place of prayer. In the chapel of "Las Huelgas" Alonso el Sabio knighted our King Edward I. in the year 1254. Like many other monastic institutions, "Las Huelgas" possessed two cloisters, that shown in our engraving being styled "La Claustrilla," and originally a portion of the palace of the founder; it is, therefore, of earlier date than the rest of the building. Its architecture is most worthy of study: the round-headed arches, of the form we are accustomed to associate with the Norman style, the simple character of the mouldings which ornament them, and that of the abacus from which they spring, may be observed as suggesting an analogy and community of origin with that style itself. The form of some of the capitals approaches that peculiar to those which we class as Early English: with this, moreover, the duplication of the columns is in keeping, as may be observed in the triforia of many of our own cathedrals—Westminster Abbey, for example. This points to a date not very much earlier than that given for the building of the convent itself; by which we may measure the sincerity of Alonso, who appears to have given up, not an old palace, but rather a perfect edifice, as the nucleus for the more extended buildings. The peculiarly beautiful ornaments on the caps of the nearest pair of columns are not unfrequently to be found in this country, but always on Norman work. These are proper to the Romanesque, or late Byzantine style, from which our own Norman was one branch, and the Arabian or Saracenic architecture another branch. It is worthy of note, how the angle of the arcade has been turned by reducing the size of the arch at that point.

L. L.





CLOISTERS OF "LAS HUELGAS," NEAR BURGOS. BY T. R. MACQUOID.



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## SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

## No. III. SERFDOM; ITS ORIGIN AND ITS ABOLITION.

SERFDOM has not existed in Russia from time immemorial, as is commonly supposed, nor was it introduced either after the Norman or after the Tartar conquest, though it is certainly to the domination of the Tartars that the general backwardness of Russia in civilisation must be attributed. Indeed, up to the thirteenth century, that country appears to have possessed more liberal institutions than any other of the European nations.

When, in the ninth century, the inhabitants of Novgorod quarrelled among themselves in their little northern republic, and at length cried out for a king, they sent to Rurik, the Varangian, begging that he would come and rule over them. The Scandinavian chiefs seldom refused these invitations. In 862, nearly a thousand years ago, Rurik arrived, and founded the dynasty by which Russia was governed until the accession of the Romanoffs, at the end of the seventeenth century. The Varangian chiefs (from the Gothic *vara*, signifying alliance) were Normans. Karainzin tells us that in the annals of the Franks mention is made of three Ruriks—Rurik, king of the Danes; Rurik, king of the Normans; and a third, who was known simply as Rurik the Norman. After the death of Rurik, his son Igor proceeded to the south, attacked and took Kieff, and then, descending the Dnieper, appeared before the walls of Constantinople, where, however, he lost nearly the whole of his fleet. Igor's wife, Olga, was the first Russian who adopted Christianity, but she was not baptized until after her husband's death, in 957; and the whole of Russia was not converted until about thirty years afterwards.

"In ancient Russia," says M. Herzen, "there was no distinction between the rights of citizens and the rights of peasants. In general, we find no trace of any distinct, privileged, isolated class. There was nothing but the people and a race, or rather a family, of princes and rulers, the descendants of Rurik the Varangian. The members of the reigning family divided the whole of Russia into appanages, each of which was governed by its prince, under the supremacy of the eldest of the family, who was called Grand Prince, and whose appanage was first Kieff, then Vladimir, and afterwards Moscow. The consequence of this division and subdivision was a continual state of warfare, which was rather increased by the Mongol domination, and which lasted until the fifteenth century, when the Duke of Muscovy became Czar of Russia. The first effect of Russia's conversion to Christianity was to place Kieff in continual communication with Constantinople. Its second was to bind the nation together under the persecution of the Mongols, which otherwise, from divided, might have become dispersed."

The Mongol hordes burst upon Russia early in the thirteenth century; and in 1238 Moscow was stormed, pillaged, and burned, by Batu-Khan.

Ivan III., the first of the Czars, freed Russia from the yoke of the Tartars; but he failed to subjugate Novgorod, and did not attempt to regain Kieff, which had fallen into the hands of the Lithuanians. Novgorod

was taken by Ivan IV., during whose reign Siberia was also conquered; but under Fedor, his successor, Russia suffered terrible disasters, which led at last to the invasion and occupation of Moscow by the Poles, while, about the same time, Novgorod was taken by the Swedes. Minin, the cattle-dealer of Nijni-Novgorod, and Prince Pojarski, drove the Poles from Moscow in 1612, but Kieff remained in the possession of Poland until 1667; and it was not until the dismemberment of that kingdom, in 1772, that Volhynia, Podolia, and the rest of White Russia, were restored to the Russian crown. The Swedes were expelled from Novgorod by Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, who was elected to the throne of Russia immediately after the liberation of the capital by Minin and Pojarski. The tide of victory now turned altogether against Sweden, Poland, and their allies the Tartars, from all of whom Russia gained conquest after conquest, until, in the reign of Catherine, she possessed a larger territory than had belonged to her under the Varangian chiefs. The Russian empire had grown strong; but, in the meanwhile, the Russian peasant had become enslaved.

Serfdom originated in an *oukaz* issued by Boris Godounoff, who usurped the throne after the death of Fedor, and who, as the assassin of the young Demetrius, may be regarded as the author of all the troubles that resulted from the disappearance of the rightful heir to the throne. Boris, with the view of restraining the nomadic habits of his subjects, enacted that every peasant should settle definitively on the land he had cultivated on the previous "Yurieff's day," which is still celebrated as a day of woe in the Russian national songs; though the subject of complaint in these compositions is not the slavery of the Russian peasant, so much as his inability to move about from one place to another. Some writers pretend that the Slavonians, like the Arabs, were naturally of nomadic habits; but it would be difficult to justify this assertion; and it is certain that the Russian peasant of the present day is as much attached to his native village as any Breton can be. It appears more probable that, under the domination of the Mongols, estates were so frequently devastated, that the Russian peasants were compelled to wander about in search of mere subsistence.

We have said that during the subjection of Russia to the Eastern hordes (from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century), the country was divided into a number of principalities, each of which was governed by a descendant of Rurik the Norman, under the patronage of Batu-Khan, Mamai, Ghirei *Sahib*, or whoever the chief of the horde happened to be. Under the principality system, the peasants went where they thought fit, provided they only kept within the limits of the principality to which they belonged. However, under Boris Godounoff, and by his *oukaz*, the Russian peasants were assigned to the soil—*gleba adscripti*; and eventually the owners of land, availing themselves of the inability of the peasants to change their locality, extorted from them compulsory labour on their estates, and subsequently menial services about their dwellings. Thenceforward the peasant came under the police regulations of the landowners, but was not yet the property of his landlord, which, however, he appears to have become completely before the death of Peter the Great.



As long as Russia remained a purely agricultural country, the bondage of the serf was probably less oppressive than it afterwards became. Few nobles lived on their estates, and the peasants performed no forced labour. The proprietor gave them up the whole land for their use, and in return they paid him an annual sum, by way of rent, as is still the case on many private estates and on all crown lands. The proprietor was liable to the state for the taxes of his serfs, and was forced to maintain them if they had nothing themselves. As he did not live among them, he was, of course, unable to exercise any control over the property of the individual peasants, but imposed a tribute upon the whole village or commune, an institution of which we must say a few words. The commune has been described as "the family enlarged." The land set apart by the proprietor for the use of his peasants belongs to the commune collectively, each individual peasant having a claim to a portion of it, simply from the fact of having been born in the village. In other words, the land is divided equally among all who live upon it. No right of inheritance exists in the children to the share of the father; but each son claims an equal share with the rest, by virtue of his individual right as a member of the commune. The commune is governed by an ancient, or *starosta*, who is sometimes appointed by the proprietors of the estate, but generally elected by the peasants themselves. M. Haxthausen "saw in the *starosta* the reflection of the imperial authority;" but M. Herzen tells us that the German author erred in supposing that the *starosta* governs the commune despotically. He can only act despotically when the whole commune agrees with him. "The imperial authority," says M. Herzen, "has no counterpoise; whilst all the authority of the *starosta* is derived from the commune." His functions, too, are purely administrative; and all questions of importance have to be decided by the council of elders, or by the members of the commune in general assembly. As every Russian peasant belongs to a commune, and, as such, receives a portion of land for his own use, there are, comparatively speaking, no "proletarians," as the French say,—no mere labourers and begetters of labourers, without a stake in the country,—in Russia. Though himself the property of his master, each peasant has at the same time property of his own; and all who know the Russian peasant agree in stating that, if liberated without his land, he will not set much value on his liberty.

M. Haxthausen thinks that a remarkable change in the condition of the serf was produced by Peter the Great and his immediate successors—in this way. The government called in foreign manufacturers, advanced them capital, and assigned them ground for their establishments, at the same time furnishing them with a number of workmen, on the same conditions as those under which the serfs laboured for their landlords. They had to work in and for the manufactory; and the master was answerable for their maintenance, clothing, and lodging. This arrangement is said to have given rise to the idea that all the labour of the serfs belonged to the master, and that the peasant might be employed in any kind of work the latter might require. However that may have been, it is certain that in Peter's reign serfdom existed much as it

did at the beginning of the present century, though the position of the peasant seems to have become worse under "the great Catherine." That enlightened sovereign, who loved to correspond with Voltaire and D'Alembert, who actually proposed to the authors of the *Encyclopædia* that they should continue the publication of their work in Russia, and who invited writers and statesmen to send her projects for the emancipation of the serfs, used, at the same time, to give her subjects away as presents to her courtiers and lovers, and, moreover, enslaved the whole of the Ukraine.

Alexander I. discontinued the inhuman custom of giving away slaves to generals and ministers, in return for services performed to the state; but he does not appear to have done anything to benefit the general mass of the peasants; and it is well known that his military colonies were quite a failure. It was thought, at one time, that Alexander I. would adopt measures for the gradual emancipation of the serfs, as it was said that he contemplated some approximation towards constitutional government; but either his energy failed him, or, more probably, his intentions were frustrated by the old Russian party—that same party which, in the present day, threatens to impede the admirable reforms proposed by Alexander II.

From the younger portion of the nobility Alexander's projects of reform could have met with no opposition, but only with encouragement; for among the conspirators of 1825 were numbers of young men belonging to the best families in the empire; indeed, there was scarcely a name of historical importance that was not represented in the "Society of General Welfare," as the association whose chiefs headed the insurrection against Nicholas was called.

Nicholas, being met on his accession by a formidable revolt, headed by men of the highest intellectual culture, in all probability became more prejudiced than he might otherwise naturally have been against the free expression of thought, and against liberal ideas in general. Indeed, to be called a "Liberal" under the Nicholas régime was something like being called an atheist. The intellectual classes must have abhorred his sway. Nevertheless, within a few years after the punishment of the conspiracy of 1825, he began to occupy himself seriously with the condition of the peasants; and according to the St. Simonian precept, that it is the first duty of a government to legislate for the benefit of the poorest and most numerous classes, Nicholas must certainly be pronounced a benefactor.

By an *oukaz* issued by Nicholas in 1842, the serf was, for the first time, enabled to make contracts and to hold property, and masters received permission to liberate their peasants, on certain conditions. It was, at the same time, rendered illegal to separate the members of a family, which, if sold at all, must be sold with the land. For it is a strange fact in the history of Russian serfdom, that although the peasant was, in the first instance, attached to the soil, in the supposed interest of agriculture, there was nothing to prevent the proprietor detaching him from it, whenever he found that he could do so with any advantage to himself.

Nicholas also shortened the term of military service from twenty-five to fifteen years; and as the soldier on receiving his discharge becomes free, this measure, of



course, increased considerably the number of the liberated. Every soldier, on quitting the army, is permitted to enter one of the crown communes, which is bound to receive him and to allot him a portion of land. It is said that the discharged soldiers seldom profit by this permission. They become door-keepers, droshky-drivers, or servants. Frequently, too—almost invariably, when they have the opportunity—they return to their native villages, where, however, they have no longer any claim on the proprietor for land, nor he on them for labour. If they remain there, they live with some of their relatives, but they have nothing more to do with the commune. Baron Haxthausen has expressed his disapproval of this abridgement of the period of service. He holds that a man of thirty-three (the recruits are generally taken at the age of eighteen), who knows nothing but his regimental drill, and neither belongs to any one nor has anything belonging to him, is a useless, if not a dangerous, member of society. By shortening the term of service, says the German economist, the Emperor Nicholas laid the foundation of what had never existed in Russia before—namely, a mob. Of course the feelings of the soldier are not in any way to be taken into consideration. There is a chance of his becoming a pauper and a vagabond, therefore it would be better for him to serve ten years longer—which would, of course, diminish the chance of his annoying society in a remarkable manner.

In 1844 Nicholas issued another *oukaz*, which evidently tended towards general emancipation. He confined the right of purchasing serfs to those who had attained the fifth *chin*, or rank, and upwards, in the civil and military service. There are two kinds of nobility in Russia—personal and hereditary. Only the hereditary nobles have the right of holding serfs; but all the privileges of the hereditary nobility may be acquired by state service. Formerly it was attained with the first *chin*, or rank, in the army, and, with the eighth, that of assessor in the civil service. Nicholas, however, confined the acquisition of hereditary privileges to the first five ranks; and this was a very considerable limitation; for out of those, not already nobles by inheritance, who enter the state service, very few can hope to attain grade No. 5—that of full colonel, rear-admiral, or councillor of state.

Nicholas also introduced a system of mortgage, through which hundreds of thousands have been set free, or, from being private serfs, have become crown peasants, which is nearly the same thing, inasmuch as the peasants of the crown merely pay ten roubles a-year for their passport, and have a full right to all they earn or produce. The Russian nobles are known to be extravagant. To those who needed money, the government advanced cash to the amount of two-thirds of the value of their estates. Then if, after a term of years, the sum advanced, with interest, was not repaid, the estates became government land, and the serfs crown peasants.

We may here observe that the serfs usually receive better treatment from proprietors who have been more or less in communication with them from their childhood, than from those who have purchased them as a speculation. The life of the serf may be considered as peculiarly miserable, when he belongs to a new pro-

prietor who governs the estate through a German steward—the worst species of slave-driver that exists.

Let us now say a few words about the amount of serfdom actually existing in Russia. Many writers (among others Mr. Shirley Brooks, in his interesting work on *The Russians in the South*) confound peasants with serfs, and estimate the number of the latter class at 40,000,000, instead of at about half that number. The proportion of serfs belonging to private persons amounted, ten years ago, to upwards of 10,000,000 *souls* (that is to say, 10,000,000 males, including children). Since that time there has been a gradual, though not a very considerable, increase in the number of freed men. Among other causes, not yet mentioned, that have contributed to this result, there is a particular effect of the law of inheritance which should not be forgotten. If a person, not a noble, be the natural heir to an estate with serfs, he is unable to inherit it; but he receives the full value of his inheritance from the government; the land becomes government property, and the serfs pass into the category of crown peasants, who, as we have said, pay a few roubles a-year for their passport, but are otherwise free.

In 1838 there were upwards of 9,000,000 crown peasants, but since then the number must have increased considerably. Of the peasants belonging to private persons, about one-third belonged in 1838 to proprietors of very large estates, and more than a third to proprietors in good circumstances, possessing from 100 to 500 peasants. Nearly 15 per cent. belonged to rich proprietors, having from 500 to 1000 peasants, and nearly a fifth part to proprietors of not more than 100 peasants, of whom more than 4 per cent. were the serfs of the smallest class of proprietors; that is to say, of those possessing not more than twenty peasants.

Now, as a general rule, the serfs on large estates are in a better position than those on small ones. Perhaps, other things being equal, those are best off who are owned by proprietors in good circumstances; not so poor as to be tempted to plunder their peasants, nor so rich that they can absent themselves all the year from their "village." We believe a decree was issued by Alexander II., about the time of the coronation, by which owners of less than a hundred slaves were prohibited from purchasing any more. He prepared the country in various other ways for the intended liberation; and that his intention was sincere was apparent long since, from the tone of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Reviews, in which the condition of the Russian labouring classes has been, and is, discussed with the greatest freedom.

One of these Reviews, which, being the youngest, pays, appropriately enough, more attention than either of the others to the great reforms projected by Alexander II., published, some months since, a story by a writer named Pechersky, which is remarkable as showing the condition of the peasant, and, above all, of the proprietor, during the very worst period of Russian serfdom. We know well enough that such scenes as are depicted in this truthful and terrible tale belong to a past epoch; but, at the same time, the brutal and ferocious prince, who is the hero of it, could never have existed except under the Russian system; and M.



Pechersky's narrative has also the merit of showing most unmistakably how slavery may degrade the slaveowner himself far worse even than his poor slave. To Mrs. Beecher Stowe's great anti-slavery work it might have been objected, by a determined advocate of the "institution," that, after all, the system was not so utterly bad that could produce Uncle Tom. Nothing of the kind can be said in favour of Russian slavery, as represented by M. Pechersky. Here the slaves are so brutalised that they actually admire their master, with his barbarous magnificence, his savage pleasantry, and his utterly wild justice. But let the following scene from the tale in the *Russian Messenger* speak for itself:—

"The Prince Alexis Yourivitch," says one of his slaves, "went out to hunt. It was very cold, and there was a slight coating of ice on the Volga—what is called glass-ice—and so thin that it could be broken with a five-copeck piece. They caught about a hundred and fifty hares in the fields, and made a halt on the hill on the other side of the monastery. The hill was very high, and stood up straight like a wall above the Volga. The Prince Alexis Yourivitch was in a lively mood, and wished to amuse himself. He sat down at the edge of the hill astride on a barrel of sweet wine, took a ladle in his hand, and began to help himself and those around him. When he felt a little excited, he told his people to make a *reisak* (breach) in the ice, in this way. They were to plunge, head first, from the top of the hill through the ice, and, on coming up, were to break through it in another place. That was the favourite amusement of the late Prince Alexis Yourivitch. God grant him His heavenly kingdom! On that day no one could make a *reisak* to please him. Some threw themselves stupidly on to the ice, and fell on their bodies, which is not the thing. That is called *palya* (floundering or fluking), and for that the back receives fifteen stripes, that it may know its place, and not put itself before the head again. Another one never reached the ice at all, but struck against the side of the hill and put his neck out of joint; and three fools, though they did break through the ice, never came up again; they stopped to take care of the carp. Prince Alexis was in a great rage. He screamed out, 'I will flog you all to death!' and then turned to some of the petty gentlemen who lived with him, and told them to make a breach; but they did it still worse. One of them succeeded in breaking the ice with his head; but he also went to visit the sturgeons. Prince Alexis Yourivitch wept and sobbed, it was so very provoking! 'It is plain that my last days are at hand,' he exclaimed; 'there is not one clever man about me to make a *reisak*. But where,' he added, 'is crop-eared Iashka?' He was the man. He would make three *reisaks*, one after the other.' That was my father he was pleased to mention; and, in reality, my father had no ears. The left ear a bear had bitten off. Once Prince Alexis Yourivitch was pleased to order my father to fight with his favourite bear. The bear, it appears, got angry, and bit my father's ear off. And my father was unable to suffer it with patience; I suppose it hurt him; so he plunged his hunting-knife through Michka's shoulder, and the animal died. And as he had dared to kill the bear without the Prince's permission, Prince Alexis Yourivitch, in order that my father might not forget it, had his other ear cut off, and called him crop-eared Iashka. 'Where is crop-eared Iashka?' said the Prince. He was told that Iashka had been under his displeasure for the last ten years, and that he was away at one of the Prince's other estates. 'Bring me crop-eared Iashka; he will not flounder at a *reisak*, like you rogues!' he exclaimed. They galloped away for my father. Now Saratoff was not very near; and when he arrived the ice was so thick, that even if my father had had a head of lead he would have been unable to make a *reisak*. He was allowed to appear before the clear eyes of the

Prince. 'How are you, crop-eared Iashka?' said the Prince. My father fell at his feet, and the Prince was pleased, and told him to get up. 'You will make a *reisak* to-morrow from the hill,' he said. 'Well, father, your highness, I will try. I hope to do so, by the mercy of God and your highness' good fortune.' 'That will do,' said the Prince. In the morning there was a great storm, and the fields were covered over with snow, and the *reisak* was put off until next year. But what a *reisak* my father made when the autumn returned! So that the Prince granted him his grace, and allowed him to kiss his hand; and he ordered him always to attend upon him when he went out hunting, gave him an embroidered *chekmen* to wear, and married him to a lady's-maid. He was also made chief dog-keeper, and, until the Prince's death, always enjoyed his high favour. And when I was born, the Prince was pleased to hold me at the font; and my godmother was Stepanida, the keeper of the fowls, and wife of the footman, Samoili. She also was a lady's-maid."

M. Pechersky tells his story throughout with the calmness of a writer who understands the force of irony; or rather, he is sufficiently an artist to be able to let his incidents speak for themselves. The great Prince Alexis is supposed to have lived in the time of Peter the Great; but we believe that a hundred years ago, if not even later, such men might still have been found in Russia. The type is sufficiently modern to be quite intelligible to many of those old nobles from whom the opposition to the emancipative measures of Alexander proceeds. The tale, too, disposes of an argument which is sometimes brought forward in answer to those who maintain that a naturally cruel man who has slaves is sure to ill-treat them. "How can a person injure his own property?" say the defenders of serfdom; "it would be like injuring himself." They seem to forget that they are only paraphrasing what St. Paul says of husbands and wives—that he that loveth his wife loveth himself, and that "no man ever yet hated his own flesh." And if, in spite of these words, there are, nevertheless, husbands who *do* ill-treat their wives, what can be the value of the argument when applied to a relationship which is far indeed from having anything sacred in it—to the relationship existing between a landlord and the human live-stock on his estate? A Prince Alexis of the present day would not force his peasants to make *reisaks* in the ice; but a reckless and ruthless proprietor may at this moment send a serf to Siberia, without previously accusing him of any crime before a tribunal, if he be only willing to pay for his outfit and travelling expenses; and though it appears improbable that a landlord should thus voluntarily deprive himself of a "soul," cruelty and revenge are luxuries of which cruel and revengeful men are always ready to bear the expense.

It is quite possible that the immediate effect of emancipation on many of the serfs will not be an improvement in their material welfare. "Whatever amount of influence, in the precarious state of Russian agriculture," says M. Tegoborski, "may be attributed to the *corrée* on one hand, and to the causes which depend on the disposition of the population on the other, it is nevertheless true that, in most of the districts which have a fertile soil, easy and regular communication and commercial activity, there are to be found among the serfs subjected to the *obrok* (poll-tax), as well as among those who are still under the *corrée* system, well-cultivated fields, stables well filled with cattle, and a de-



gree of comfort not often met with in many countries of Central Europe." M. Haxthausen says the same thing; and it is very likely that, out of some ten million peasants who have hitherto been accustomed to look to others for their means of living, and in their old age for unconditional support, many will find themselves in a very awkward position, when they have to depend entirely on themselves.

As to the mode of effecting the emancipation, all that is really known is, that the details are to be left to the consideration and decision of certain local committees, subject to the approval of the Emperor. It was said positively, at first, that every serf would, on his liberation, receive a sufficient portion of land for the maintenance of himself and his family; but about this there appears now to be some doubt. Committees are to meet, or have already met, in the various governments of which the nobles have solicited permission to emancipate, each committee consisting of two members of the district, selected from the landed proprietors designated by the head of the local administration, with a member of the local committee for president.

The general committees consist of two members of each of the three districts selected by the landed proprietors, an experienced proprietor from each district, and one member appointed by the Minister of the Interior. Several committees have met; but, at the time of our writing, the results of their deliberations have not been made known officially; and, we believe, the only true and full account of the contest that is taking place in Russia between the Emperor and his ministers, supported by all the intellectual classes on the one hand, and a portion of the old nobility on the other, has appeared in M. Herzen's Russian newspaper, published in London.

The *Kolokol*, or *Bell* (with the epigraph "*Vires voco*"), is not only edited with great ability, but is well supplied by correspondents, who give the latest and most complete information that can be obtained on the subject of the reforms in Russia, or rather of the one great reform to which all other questions are now made subordinate. And the *Kolokol*, it must be remembered, is not merely the production of a few refugees, who feel called upon to publish from time to time vague complaints against despotism, it is the organ of a writer who left Russia voluntarily, to "erect a battery" (according to his own expression) from which to attack the system he so thoroughly detests, and who now, thanks to his journal, forbidden as it is, represents an important party in his native land.

Of the two volumes of the *Polar Star*, to which the *Kolokol* is a periodical supplement, several thousand copies have been sold, and of these by far the greater number must have found their way to Russia. M. Herzen's views on the subject of Russian despotism, and the best means of abolishing it, may be gathered from the cover of this work, which is adorned with the portraits of the chief conspirators and insurgents of 1825, of whom one shot old General Miloradovitch with his own hand, and almost in cold blood; while the general plan of action consisted in deceiving the troops as to the motives with which they were to be led against their Emperor. "They did evil," it will be said, "that good might come;" but this is the principle of Jesuits and of

the autocrats themselves; and Englishmen and Americans know very well that no good ever came to liberty from such means.

In the *Kolokol*, which, we are happy to say, is not illustrated, M. Herzen is less violent; and, so far from threatening the liberal Alexander II., absolutely feels called upon to warn him against certain noblemen of the old *régime* who at present surround him. "These persons," says the editor of the *Kolokol* (he goes so far as to name them), "interfere, and say to the Emperor, when he holds out his hand to the peasant, 'Take care; he will bite you.' The Emperor," he continues, "has fought Circassians and bears; but what are Circassians and bears? Is he not constantly in the society of a herd of people who seek to screen Russia from him, and to keep him entirely surrounded by a wreath of old courtiers, which on occasion would become a noose?" Do not these lines suggest to the reader Talleyrand's definition of the Russian form of government—"despotism tempered by assassination?" On the one side, M. Herzen shows us the old Russian nobles mortally jealous of any interference with their privileges, now as in the days of Paul; on the other, we see M. Herzen's own *Polar Star*, the organ of the extreme liberal party, rejoicing in a banner that bears the portraits of five conspirators who, in spite of the noble qualities some of them possessed, were all justly executed.

But to return to the question of the peasants. M. Herzen, then, is strongly in favour of an immediate emancipation. Nor will he hear of the peasant being merely liberated; that is to say, merely placed in a position to go where he likes and work as he can, without having a portion of ground allotted to him for his maintenance. For it appears that the Russian serf, with all his misery, would consider himself more miserable still, if placed in the ordinary position of the peasants of England or France. M. Herzen proposes that the Government Bank, or Committee of Trustees,\* should give the nobles seventy roubles in paper money for every "soul" so liberated, to be repaid by the peasants themselves in the course of thirty-seven years. The proprietors to be, at the same time, at liberty to mortgage their estates to the trustees for a fresh supply of paper money.

To this scheme of the *Kolokol* editor one of his correspondents objects, in the first place, that if all the proprietors were to mortgage their estates, the Committee would have to advance them paper money to the amount of 768,000,000 roubles, making, with the sum payable for the liberation of 11,000,000 souls, 1,538,000,000 roubles. The question then arises, whether disastrous effects might not be produced by the introduction of so much inconvertible paper money into the currency. The *assignats* issued by the Empress Catherine became so depreciated, that, twenty-five years ago, when they were withdrawn from circulation, the actual value of the rouble *assignat* was not more than a quarter of a rouble silver.†

\* The establishment advances money on mortgage to proprietors of estates.

† Writers on Russia still speak of paper roubles and silver roubles as having different values. But the present paper rouble is convertible on presentation at the Bank, and has precisely the same legal and commercial value as the silver rouble. The late M. Léon Faucher, an ex-Minister of the Interior, published, during the late war, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, an article on the resources of Russia, in which he committed the strange error of confounding the present paper rouble with the old rouble *assignat*. Naturally his conclusions were somewhat erroneous.



"Why, moreover," asks the writer, "should the peasant have to purchase himself at all, for however small a sum? He has been so impoverished that he cannot afford to pay for his liberty. The peasant but lately released from a state of serfdom is sure not to be in a position to spare money. As a serf, he has been in the habit of working by order of his master: if he loses a horse, the proprietor buys him another, and still he goes on working. Thus all self-reliance and will are destroyed, and he becomes a mere machine. When he is free, if he loses his horse, or his hut is burnt down, what is to become of him? It has been reckoned," continues M. Herzen's correspondent, "that a peasant brings from twenty to twenty-two roubles a-year to his master, and he will always agree to give his master ten or twelve roubles a-year for the privilege of working as he pleases; but he finds it very difficult to make the required payments at the outset. Besides, the proprietors of estates have duties as well as rights. The peasants have to work for them, but they have to give land and the means of cultivating it to the peasants, and are bound to support them in their old age. Now, by merely liberating their serfs, they would free themselves from these duties; but, in order to earn their independence, they ought to give up to the peasants a third of the land. This is what took place in Prussia in 1811, when the government, on liberating the serfs, adjudged to them either a third or a half of the estates they were working upon. The Prussian government called this liberation, but the proper name for it was partition: the proprietors and the serfs took each their due. In Russia, if the writer's scheme were adopted, the only difference would be, that the Russian peasant would not receive quite so much as the Prussian peasant did."

The author of this last scheme, which appears to us the most simple and straightforward that has been proposed—though too good for the peasant to be ever adopted, we are afraid—next examines an objection that has been raised to it. It has been said that it interferes with "the sacred rights of property" (how successful these unmeaning phrases are everywhere!); but the real point to consider is, whether the nobles would lose by it or not; and in all probability the value of land would be so much increased, through every one obtaining the right to purchase, that two-thirds of any given estate would soon be worth what the whole is worth now. (We have already stated that at present none but hereditary nobles can purchase estates.)

M. Herzen's correspondent then enumerates the various other propositions that have been made for effecting the emancipation, and which are as follows:—

1. The editor of the *Kolokol* (as we have already seen) is in favour of redeeming the peasants by means of government bills of exchange for 770,000,000 roubles, the amount to be repaid by the peasants to the government in the course of thirty-seven years.

2. It is proposed that the peasants should buy whatever land they at present retain for their own use, and that for this purpose the government should advance them 1,000,000,000 roubles.

3. Russia to be divided into three belts. Each peasant to receive from three to four deciatines of land, according to the fertility of the zone in which the estate is situated. The nobles to receive from government 500,000,000 roubles.

4. Peasants and land to be both redeemed by government—a plan which involves enormous expense.

5. That each peasant should have two and a quarter deciatines of land, and should pay rent for it, as the

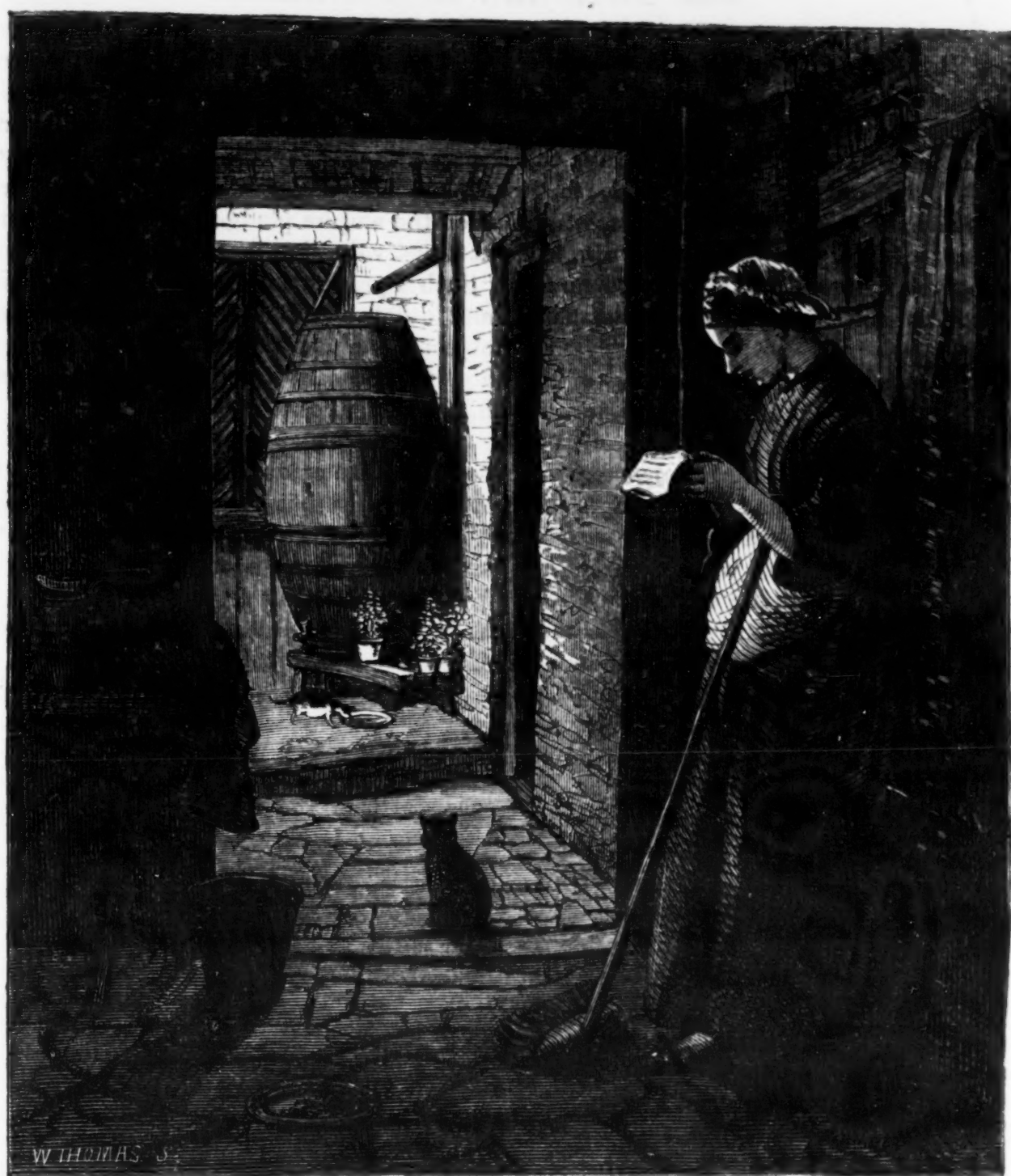
crown peasants pay *obrok* to the government at present.

It will be observed that this fifth plan is the only one which does not provide for the liberation of the peasant together with a sufficient portion of land for his support. M. Herzen has stated over and over again, in his various works, that this is not the kind of emancipation the Russian peasant desires, nor that is suitable to him. The question has been misunderstood in Western Europe. The Russian peasant wishes to be free, but not without the land at present set apart for his use. He has no ambition to become a "proletarian," as M. Herzen says, nor to find himself in the position of an Irishman, in the words of another writer in the *Kolokol*. The correspondent from whom we have already quoted makes this objection to the rent-scheme. "It would," he says, "leave the peasant too dependent on the proprietor. He might be unable to pay his rent, and would, perhaps, be called upon to substitute labour for it, and thus the *corvée* system would become re-established. The origin of serfdom in Russia should be remembered. Boris Godounoff merely assigned the peasant to the soil; yet only a hundred years afterwards we find Peter the Great saying, in an *oukaz* to the senate, 'In Russia people are sold like cattle, which is not seen elsewhere in the world, and from which no slight misery arises.' And as the people gradually become serfs, once so, they might, unless rendered quite independent of their proprietors, become serfs again."

Here the writer appears to us not to take into account the difference between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries, and the ideas that belong to each. Even in Peter the Great's time, there were not only no lawyers in Russia (our readers will remember the story of Peter the Great's two lawyers, of whom he intended to hang one as soon as he returned to his native land), but there was no law. In M. Pechersky's story of Prince Alexis, we find a nobleman treating all around him as his slaves; not only his serfs properly so called, but merchants, over whom he had legally no sort of control, and even the small gentry who are visiting him, and who, to afford him a moment's amusement, are forced either to break the ice of the Volga with their heads, or their heads with the ice of the Volga. But as Prince Alexis would be something more than an anachronism in the present day, so, it appears to us, would any law or custom be, by which the peasant could be made to give up his liberty in lieu of rent.

On the other hand, it seems more than probable that, unless the government insists on the strict observance of the great principle laid down in the first ministerial circular,—that the peasant shall be liberated with a sufficient portion of land,—there will be an attempt made to deprive him of what he is accustomed to look upon as his natural inheritance. In this case, however, the government would find that it had converted the serf population into a mob of peasants, who, in a period of distress, might form a "dangerous class" of the most formidable magnitude. But there really appears to be no reason for suspecting the Emperor of any intention to give way before the small party of violent and bigoted, or perhaps merely selfish nobles, who are now doing their worst to frustrate his excellent designs.





THE VALENTINE. BY E. SMITH.

OUR housemaid here, good, honest wench, has rested from her labours to peruse that messenger of mystery and rapture, a valentine, one of the earliest of the year's flights of epistolary birds with her. When the postman came with this precious epistle, she had opened the door with a beating heart, half expecting that "it might be for her." Sure enough it was; and no sooner was the prosaic postman gone, stolid messenger of Cupid, than she dived into the mystery of mysteries, what it was, whom it could be from, what it meant, &c. Admiration of the beautiful picture succeeded wonderment at the strange arrival, until, half enraptured, she forgot the dusty floors that awaited her zealous broom, the beds that had to be "made," and the "missis," who would inevitably scold her heartily for the

neglect. She has secreted herself in the washhouse, out of the way of that terrible personage, put down the pail that should have been well employed; and the cat herself could not have been more utterly indifferent to the household concerns than she became for a time, while absorbed in perusal of the decorated stirrer of her heart. It was a pretty idea of Mr. E. Smith's, to put the apathetic feline mother, demurely seated on her tail, and from a distance watching the proceedings of her little offspring in picking up its breakfast, utterly heedless, as cats are, of everything that does not concern themselves or their own families.

Mr. E. Smith's picture was at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and has been selected as one of the prizes of the Art-Union of London.

A correspondent who occupies the whole of one number of the *Kolokol*, gives a full history of the effect produced by the publication of the Emperor's first rescript on the subject of emancipation, of the measures taken by a portion of the old nobility for impeding the progress of the scheme, and of the actual state of the contest between Alexander II.,—"the head of the intellect of Russia," as he justly calls him,—and the fanatic and egotistic noblemen who oppose him at every step. "The nobles, it is true," says the writer in question, "seem to be on the Emperor's side, but they, in fact, throw every possible obstacle in the way of the pro-

posed emancipation. The wish of the nobles of White Russia and the aim of the government had been expressed clearly enough in the imperial rescript of November 30th (old style), which set forth that, 'in order to improve the condition of the peasants, it was necessary to free them from serfdom. Three days afterwards, a ministerial circular was addressed to all governors and their subordinates, in which it was stated still more distinctly, that the committee considered it absolutely necessary that the peasants should be released from serfdom; and it was ordered that copies of the circular should be sent all over Russia, for the con-



sideration of the other nobles, in case they should form any similar wish, and should recognise the necessity of liberating the peasants, not only in White Russia, but throughout the empire.' All the peasants," says the writer, "heard of this, and repaid the government for it beforehand by a love and an ardent confidence, which it is not the privilege of every government to awaken. The Emperor had given his word publicly and solemnly to all, and the effect was felt in the most distant parts of the empire."

One of the consequences of the publication of the circular is said to have been the rising of peasants in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which, by many of our journals, has been ascribed to direct Russian agency, as if the government of Russia had not enough just now, and more than enough, to occupy itself with at home! "In the South of Europe," we are told, "the first rumour of the projected reform increased a hundred-fold the importance of our political and diplomatic position, and washed from the Russian name the shame of our late too notorious failures." This was the effect of the announcement upon the old courtiers: "They menaced the Emperor to his face with all sorts of dangers, and calumniated him when his back was turned."

In the meanwhile, numbers of the rural nobility hastened to St. Petersburg, ready to obey the first expression of the will of an all-powerful government; but, being met by an undecided ministry, they resolved to oppose all possible delays to the proposed emancipation, though they sent addresses to the Emperor, and resolved to testify outwardly their willingness to co-operate in his scheme. The ministerial circular had stated that the peasant would have to be liberated, with his house or hut and its usual appurtenances (*oussadba*). "The *oussadba*," said the minister, "consists of a house or hut, with a court (or farmyard) and a kitchen-garden." The sum to be paid for the *oussadba* was to be in accordance with its actual value; and it was further stated, that the land which had once been measured off for the use of the peasants could never be re-united to their masters' fields—must always remain the peasants' property. However, when the St. Petersburg Committee of Proprietors met, they decided that *oussadba* meant only the peasants' buildings, without the ground; and we are told that the principle was enunciated, that peasants ought never to possess the right of purchasing land, though it does not appear that this principle was ever adopted by the Committee. It is evident, as the writer in the *Kolokol* observes, that a great deal depends upon the meaning given to the word *oussadba*; and he expresses his conviction that the government is willing to accept a false interpretation of the term, for the sake of pleasing the nobles. The ministerial circular, issued soon after the meeting of the St. Petersburg Committee just alluded to, terminates as follows: "The nobles need not adopt the propositions of the government, but they must state what they find in them to object to. The measures for improving the condition of the peasant will depend upon the decision of the Committee, but unchanged and unchangeable must remain the principal heads of the scheme, as pointed out in his Majesty's rescript; that is to say, the independence of the proprietor in the possession of the land, and to the peasant satisfactory means of

pursuing his livelihood and of fulfilling his duties." On this the writer well remarks, that the government need only assure the nobles, that if it thinks it necessary for the interests of the empire generally to continue to the peasants the possession of the land they now occupy, then the empire pledges itself to compensate the nobles at a just valuation for the land taken from their estates. "Such a proposition," he says, "would disarm every one and quiet every one. The nobles would no longer object to an apportioning of the land to the peasants, and the peasant would have what was necessary for his maintenance."

The reader sees how many different plans are proposed for the emancipation of the serfs, the only thing certain being that they are to be emancipated.

Of the effect the prospect of emancipation has already had on the peasant, some notion may be gained from the following letter, which we have received in English from a Russian gentleman, himself an owner of serfs:—

"There are different masters and different serfs," he says. "The serfs who are oppressed wait impatiently for their freedom, and repeat to one another,—'The time is passed for our masters to reign over us; we shall soon be equal to them, and they will no longer ill-treat us.' But, also, very touching scenes occur when the serfs have been treated with kindness. Some are so attached to their masters, that they begin to weep when they are told that they will have to leave them. That is natural, for from their birth they have known that they must obey their masters, and that they have nothing of their own; and if the master is of a good disposition, and gives them anything, or shows them any kindness, they receive it like a gift from Heaven, and are so grateful that no money could render them unfaithful. Some of them have had very little experience, and are wonderfully simple. A lady of my acquaintance told her maid she would soon be free, and it made her weep; she wept for hours and hours, as though she had lost some of her relations."

"To myself a woman said, 'Is it true the Emperor wishes we should be free?' I replied to her that the peasants would certainly be free in ten or twelve years. 'Oh, no!' she said, 'that will never be; they will talk of it a little, and after that they will forget.' But that same day the circular appeared, showing on what conditions the peasants would be emancipated, and I was obliged to tell her; she was so anxious about it, and asked with such eagerness, that I had to explain it all, from beginning to end."

"I know a peasant who is more like a merchant. By only paying *obrok* he became rich enough to pay as much as 500*l.* for his freedom, and then in a few weeks the rescript came out. If you could only have seen him! He did not believe anything of the kind could have happened, and for a few nights he could not sleep, being wild with himself that he had paid. When he related to me that he had paid just before Russia was to undergo such a change, I could not but laugh, and, at the same time, I could not but sympathise with him and pity him."

"What must civilised and highly-developed men, such as the musicians of S——, feel? B—— has forty men, who have to play sometimes when they are not quite disposed. L—— also has seven musicians, who see no society, because they live in the country, as if in a desert. They are far superior to their masters, and infinitely so to those who are considered their equals—the other serfs. What, too, must that painter feel who finished his education at the Imperial Academy, and was really a great artist? His master liked foreign spirituous liquors very much, and passed the greater part of his life in a state of intoxication. Sometimes, in



that condition, he would be quite in a rage with his serf-painter, that he would not paint him a devil, and said perpetually, that he regretted he had thrown so much money away for teaching him.

"Many of the serfs speak coolly and reasonably among themselves, and say,—'We have had patience enough to be slaves until now; ten years longer will not be much.' Ten or twelve years is the appointed time for them to pay for their land, huts, and cattle. They will not, I think, continue in their present position more than a year. After that they will be only like men in debt. *Oukaz* after *oukaz* appears on the subject; and it is evident that the Emperor is in earnest, and wishes there should be no delay. It may be difficult for the Emperor to carry out the change without any sort of tumult; but the great majority of the peasants will wait patiently. All writers and men of education support the Emperor; and the articles and books that are constantly appearing on the subject will be of great help to him. The opposition proceeds from the old Russian proprietors, but they are not important."

As many of the rich merchants of Moscow and St. Petersburg are, at the present moment, either serfs who have purchased their own liberty, or actual serfs paying almost a nominal *obrok*, or poll-tax, to their proprietors, it may be inferred that one effect of the emancipation will be to add considerably to the number of the middle or trading class. This effect is, indeed, being already discounted. Witness the vast speculations that are being organised throughout Russia, and which are all based upon the hypothesis of an enormous increase in the commercial activity of the country. Many English journals discovered, some time since, that the Russians had no need of railways; but M. Kokoreff, a distinguished Russian merchant, thinks that the projected railways are not sufficient. He knows that facility of transport is of more importance to the country even than improved methods of production. The Russians can afford, in some districts, to sweep excellent bone manure from their waste lands, and export it to Scotland; but they cannot afford, in others, to allow grain to rot in abundance on the ground where it has grown, because there are no means of conveying it to provinces where the inhabitants are, perhaps, dying for want of it. To improve the means of communication in the interior, and between the interior and the frontier, is the object of a gigantic association which M. Kokoreff is now endeavouring to form, and to which he himself subscribes no less than 80,000*l*.

The fact is, the generality of Russians look upon the Emperor's reforms much more hopefully than M. Herzen, and the other writers in the *Kolokol*, seem inclined to do. The latter, among other grievances, complain that Alexander II. is surrounded by advisers who belong to the old Russian system; whereas it is universally remarked, in Russia, how few of his father's advisers he has retained; and on this subject an anecdote is told, which, though in all probability untrue, nevertheless shows the popular feeling on the subject.

"How does it happen," the dowager empress is reported to have said to her son, "that you have so little esteem for your father's memory, as not to retain his counsellors around you?"

"My father," replied Alexander II., "was a man of great genius, and it mattered little to him who were his ministers; but I, who do not pretend to have his abilities, am obliged to surround myself with capable men."

From this, it would appear that the Emperor is of the same way of thinking as the sculptor entrusted with the execution of the monument to Nicholas, and who listened patiently to a variety of suggestions from his friends as to the design, until at last one of them proposed that the late Emperor should be represented on a pedestal, with medallions of his principal ministers around the base.

"Very good," said the sculptor; "but too much like Kriloff's monument in the Summer Gardens."

The pedestal of Kriloff's monument is adorned with the portraits of the various zoological personages who figure in his fables!

#### GEORGE STEPHENSON.\*

An eminent essayist of the last generation laid it as a charge against biography, that it must always be either ignorant or partial, according as it is written by a stranger or a friend. This principle, however, only holds with relation to the lives of those men whose character presents various phases at various times, who have advocated disputable and perhaps conflicting opinions, closely touching the prejudices or the interests of society, and whose alliance and consistency are the subjects of dispute among contending parties. There are others to whom the maxim can in no sense apply. There are men who had to do, not with speculation, but with effort and practice; not with disputable doctrines, but with the material interests of mankind. The lives of such men are scarcely so much biographies, as portions of general and indisputable history; and are written less in the pages of literature, than in those external and social phenomena which are patent and palpable to all. Of such men it may be said, that if we seek for their biography, no less than for their monument, we must look around us. George Stephenson belonged to this class; and there is an obvious reason why the details of this history should be widely known and displayed, as an universal example. There have been many eminent men whose lives can only be said, in a very limited sense, to have been *exemplary*. Either they have been the favourites of fortune, or their endowments and their consequent opportunities have been such as could only be participated by the few. Stephenson belonged to neither of these classes. Of the humblest parentage, and destitute of all the advantages of early education and enlightened companionship, he only possessed that distinction which all the most unfavoured of our working population may successfully emulate; and that was perseverance. In all other respects he was simply one of the million; and the value of a knowledge of his singular career must be estimated, not by the lustre of any qualities peculiar to himself, but by the numerical amount of those minds on which his example may be fairly expected to operate. It is worth while, then, to give the most extended circulation to a simple record of those stages by which the raw, untutored youth, who, at the age of nineteen, could neither write his name nor read it, became, in after life, the George Stephenson, whom the most powerful states-

\* *The Life of George Stephenson, the Railway Engineer.* By Samuel Smiles. London: Murray.



man of the age, and one of the most accomplished men who have adorned the modern history of Great Britain (the late Sir Robert Peel), publicly and justly designated as the chief of our practical philosophers.

George Stephenson was born at Wyland, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, of parents whose resources amounted to about 12s. a-week. George's first appointment brought him a salary of 2*l.* per day; this, however, was doubled as soon as he was big enough to lead the horses at plough; and, at length, at fourteen years of age, his ambition was gratified by receiving the appointment of assistant-fireman at a colliery at the wage of a shilling a-day. The faculty which he earliest developed appears to have been that of imitation; the amusement of almost his earliest years was the modelling of engines in clay, and it is probably to this habit that the ultimate direction of his tastes and talents is traceable. At seventeen years of age, he was employed as engineman at a new colliery, at Water-row, and then, for the first time, acquainted himself with the mysteries of a steam-engine. In his leisure hours he used to take it to pieces, ostensibly for the purpose of cleaning it, but really in order to familiarise his mind with its inmost and minutest mechanism, and, by this increasing familiarity, the engine became his companion and almost an object of affection. Then it was, no doubt, that the boy became the father of the man. While, however, he was thus improving his practical knowledge of mechanics, he was, at eighteen years of age, and while earning the full wages of an adult workman, unable to read. This capital deficiency he resolved to remedy; and, though engaged in his labour for twelve hours per day, he attended a school in the evening, and, by persevering diligence, soon acquired, not only the arts of reading and writing, but also a fair knowledge of elementary arithmetic. His next promotion was to the office of breaksmen at the colliery of Callerton; and here he became acquainted with a respectable and attractive domestic servant, whom he subsequently married. Shortly after this, he was drawn for the militia, and the provision of a substitute deprived him of all his hard-won earnings. It was then that he contemplated trying his fortunes in America; and to this project he subsequently alluded in the year 1841, in the following words, delivered at a mechanics' institute at Belper:—

"Well do I remember the beginning of my career as an engineer, and the great perseverance that was required for me to get on. Not having served an apprenticeship, I had made up my mind to go to America, considering that no one in England would trust me to act as engineer. However, I was trusted in some small matters, and succeeded in giving satisfaction. Greater trusts were reposed in me, in which I also succeeded. Soon after, I commenced making the locomotive engine, and the results of my perseverance you have this day witnessed."

It was in 1809 that Stephenson, while earning from 18s. to 20s. a week by his labour as breaksmen, had a son of an age to require, if they could be bestowed, the advantages of education. Deeply sensible of the disadvantage which he himself had incurred, from the want of this essential element of success, he resolved that his son should, in this respect, enjoy a brighter prospect. Many years after, in addressing a large assembly at Newcastle, on the opening of a new rail-

way, he thus alludes, with a very pardonable egotism, to this stage of his career:—

"In the earlier part of my career, when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches, at night, after my daily labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son."

His biographer adds that, besides mending clocks and watches, at this time he also continued to make and mend shoes, and to manufacture shoe-lasts for the shoemakers of the neighbourhood. He even cut out the pitmen's clothes for their wives to make up, and it is said that, to this day, there are clothes worn at Killingworth which have been made after "Geordy Steevie's cut."

It was at Killingworth that Stephenson laid the foundations of his future fame; and his first great opportunity occurred in the year 1811. Within the previous twelve months, the Killingworth high pit had been sunk, and an engine had been fixed for the purpose of pumping the water from the shaft. Stephenson had inspected this engine when in the course of construction, and predicted its failure. He proved a true prophet; for, after nearly a year of unsuccessful pumping, the workmen were nearly "drowned out," and the enterprise began to be regarded with despair. It was then that Stephenson made a careful examination of the engine, and, as the result, confidently declared that he could so improve it as to clear the pit of water in one week. On this coming to the ears of the head viewer, he at once placed the management of the works in the hands of Stephenson, and the result was, that within a week the workmen were labouring at the bottom of the pit. For this exploit of mechanical skill, he received the most insufficient remuneration of ten pounds; but with it, he obtained the more valuable reward of local celebrity and consequence. Meanwhile, he was bent no less on the improvement of his mind than to the pursuits of his business. He addressed himself to mechanical drawing, and to the study of natural philosophy, while his faculty of invention and imitation made him the wonder of the villagers at Killingworth.

"Thus," says his biographer, "he won the women's admiration by connecting their cradles with the smoke-jack, and making them self-acting. Then, he astonished the pitmen by attaching an alarm to the clock of the watchman whose duty it was to call them betimes in the morning. The cottage of Stephenson was a sort of curiosity-shop of models, engines, self-acting planes, and perpetual-motion machines, which last contrivance, however, baffled him as effectually as it had done hundreds of preceding inventors. He also contrived a wonderful lamp, which burned under water, with which he was wont to amuse the Brandling family, at Gosforth, going into the fish-pond at night, lamp in hand, attracting and catching the fish, which rushed wildly towards the subaqueous flame."

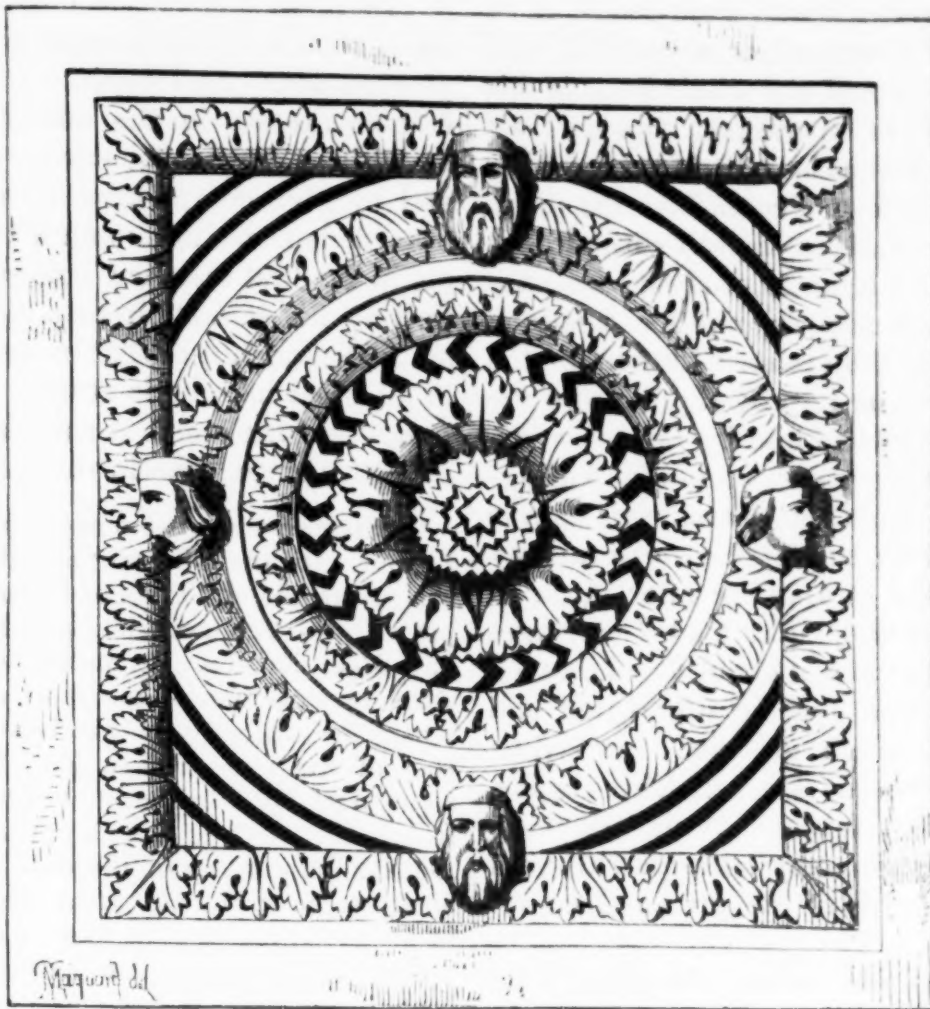
His next important success was also achieved in the Killingworth pit, and is thus narrated by himself in his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee on Accidents in Mines, in 1835:—

"On my going down to examine the work, I proposed making the engine, which had been erected some time pre-



THIS is an engraving from a panel of a pulpit in a church in Pistoja, carved in marble, as very frequently such things are. It is an example of what is properly called Romanesque work, to distinguish that style from its parent, the Byzantine branch of art. In the hands of Italian, especially Tuscan, artists, the somewhat *je-june* and meagre execution of the former was perfecting itself into a delicate and elaborate system of decoration, adapting classical models to a certain extent, and combining therewith much feeling for nature, while retaining a portion of the old regard of the elder school for geometrical forms. The geometrical predilection evinces itself, in the work before us, in those indications of circles which fill up the angles of the outer quadrilateral figure: these, with the

chevrons within, are peculiarly Byzantine in taste, and form, as it were, the base upon which the more elaborate ornaments have been overlaid. The outer square, the three inner circles, and the flower in the centre, indicate some knowledge and study of classical, particularly Roman, modes of decoration, both in their arrangement and in their low relief. Not only, also, are they low in relief, but flat in modelling, the latter characteristic being remarkably suggestive of an incomplete and undeveloped power of execution, which fears to exert itself with the bolder and more vigorous method that marks a more perfect style. Nor are these purely Roman, but, as the reader will remark, they are some-



MARBLE PANEL FROM PISTOJA.

progressing. From the example of the heads on each side of the square, a critic might predicate that the school to which the sculptor of this work belonged would arise into a noble and delicate order of artists. The heads being in bolder relief, casting powerful shadows, executed, moreover, with care and variety of character, indicate this relative advance, showing that study had been mainly employed upon the more difficult and recondite theme, the human figure, a study which is the base, as it is the summit and ultimatum of all genuine art. The city of Pistoja is distinguished for the number and richness of its carvings in marble, especially those appertaining to this period of art. L. L.

what realistic in feeling, the sculptor evidently attempting to render something like the elaboration of the natural forms of the vine-leaves which have formed his model, by showing the rib-marks on the leaves, and a little of the intricacy of the forms of the margins, placing the ornament itself stiffly and artificially on the surfaces he had to decorate, want of confidence in his own skill not permitting him to undercut the marble, or show the leaf in its natural curves and convolutions. Another generation of sculptors must have succeeded the carver of this work before alto-relief would be ventured upon in such intricate and delicate forms. Representations of the human figure had gone before that of the lower forms of natural ornament, as is always the case in a school soundly

viously, to draw the coals up an inclined plane, which descended immediately from the place where it was fixed. A considerable change was accordingly made in the mode of working the colliery, not only in applying the machinery, but employing putters instead of horses in bringing the coals from the hewers; and, by those changes, the number of horses in the pit was reduced from about 100 to 15 or 16. During the time I was engaged in making these important alterations, I went round the workings in the pit with the viewer almost every time that he went into the mine, not only at Killingworth, but at Mount-Moor, Derwentcreek, Southmoor, all of which collieries belonged to Lord Ravensworth and his partners, and the whole of the machinery in all these collieries was put under my charge."

But the grand purpose of Stephenson's life was, as every one knows, the construction of railways and locomotive steam-engines. These are due, originally, to the collieries of Northumberland. As early as 1602, the plan of diminishing friction in the haulage of coal-wagons, by laying down wooden rails, had been adopted in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. We find a similar railway existing in East Lothian in 1745; and the first iron rails are supposed to have been laid down at Whitehaven in 1738. Thirty-eight years after this, a cast-iron railway was laid down at the Duke of

Norfolk's colliery near Sheffield; and in 1789 a cast-iron edge-rail was constructed at Loughborough, in Leicestershire, the flanges being cast upon the wagon-wheels, to keep them on the track, instead of being cast, as heretofore, upon the rail itself. Up to this time, however, the railway-wagons still continued to be drawn by horses; and the grand object now was to supersede this comparatively slow and ineffective means of traction. The idea of employing steam as the motive power for this purpose is supposed to have originated with a Frenchman of the name of Solomon de Caus, who was confined in the lunatic asylum of Paris as a supposed madman, the only evidence of his insanity being his conviction, developed and justified in a work which he published, that steam might be employed as a locomotive power. Savory, the Cornish miner and engineer, proposed the same thing, which was afterwards more fully developed by James Watt, in the specifications for his patents, in 1769 and 1784. To him succeeded numerous projectors, who actually constructed working locomotives, all of which, however, were successively abandoned, owing to a variety of incurable defects. A number of other inventors projected steam locomotives on different principles of con-



struction, both for common roads and tram-roads, all of which shared the fate of their predecessors. To this subject Stephenson now devoted the whole force of his mind, and all the results of his experience. But his chief object in the construction of what he called his travelling engine, was simply the hauling of coals from the pit to the river-side. He first acquainted himself with all that had been done by previous engineers, studying the characteristic differences of the engines, and the causes of the failure of each. He then addressed himself to the construction of a locomotive on improved principles, the necessary funds being supplied to him by Lord Ravensworth and his partners, the proprietors of the Killingworth Colliery. After ten months of labour, this engine was completed, and tested on the Killingworth railway in July 1814, and succeeded in drawing after it, on an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, eight loaded carriages of thirty tons weight, at the rate of about four miles an hour. About the same time, too, he discovered and adopted the steam-blast, which at once more than doubled the working power of his engine. This engine, though greatly improved at subsequent periods, both by Mr. Stephenson and his son, may be regarded, even in its original state, as the type of the present locomotive engine.

While Stephenson was addressing himself to that great object with which his name will be lastingly connected, there occurred an episode in his history, to which a singular interest attaches. This was his invention of the miners' safety-lamp. He had been witness to many of those terrific accidents which occur from the explosion of fire-damp, and of one of these he gave a most graphic description before the Parliamentary Committee to which allusion has already been made. To this committee he detailed the steps of his discovery, in the following simple manner:—

"Seeing the gas lighted up (that is, the inflammable gas which escaped from fissures in the coal), and observing the velocity with which the flame passed along the roof, my attention was drawn to the contriving of a lamp. Seeing it required a given time to pass over a given distance, my view of making a lamp was entirely on mechanical principles; and I think I shall be found entirely correct in my views, from mechanical reasoning. I knew well that the heated air from the fire drove round the smoke-jack, and that caused me to know that I could have a power from it. I also knew very well that a steam-engine chimney was built for the purpose of causing a strong current of air through the fire. Having these facts before me, and knowing the properties of heated air, I amused myself with lighting one of the blowers in the neighbourhood of where I had to erect machinery. I had it on fire; the volume of flame was coming out the size of my two hands, but was not so large but that I could approach close to it. Holding my candle to the windward of the flame, I observed that it changed its colour. I then got two candles, and again placed them to the windward of the flame; it changed colour still more, and became duller. I got a number of candles, and placing them all to the windward, the blower ceased to burn. This then gave me the idea, that if I could construct my lamp so as, with a chimney at the top, to cause a current, it would never fire at the top of the chimney; and, by seeing the velocity with which the ignited fire-damp passed along the roof I considered that, if I could produce a current through the tubes in a lamp, equal to the current that I saw passing along the roof, I should make a lamp that could be taken into an explosive mixture without exploding externally."

As in all Stephenson's discoveries and great operations, the history of this lamp is that of a series of improvements. At length, he satisfied himself that he had succeeded in the construction of an instrument which was destined to save a multitude of human lives, and to give comparative security to one of the most hazardous forms of human labour. To save these lives, he, in the first instance, boldly risked his own; and in putting his invention to a decisive test, he afforded a singular instance of that magnanimous calmness which, in all great natures, is at once the evidence of conscious power and the omen of success. The narrative cannot be better given than in the words of his biographer:—

"Stephenson was too eager for the issue of his invention to wait until the following morning, and immediately on his arrival at the colliery, about dusk, a party went down the pit with the lamp, consisting of Stephenson, Nicholas Wood, and John Moodie, the under-viewer. They directed their steps towards one of the most dangerous parts of the pit, where the explosive gas was issuing through a blower in the roof of the mine with a loud hissing noise. By erecting some deal boarding around that part of the gallery into which the gas was escaping, the air was thus made more foul for the purpose of the experiments. After waiting for about an hour, Moodie, whose practical experience of foul air in pits was greater than that of either Stephenson or Wood, was requested by them to go into the place which had thus been made foul; and having done so, he returned and told them that the smell of the air was such, that if a lighted candle were now introduced, an explosion must inevitably take place. He cautioned Stephenson as to the danger both to themselves and to the pit if the gas took fire. But Stephenson declared his confidence in the safety of his lamp; and having lit the wick, he boldly proceeded with it towards the explosive air. The others, more timid and doubtful, hung back when they came within hearing of the blower, and, apprehensive of the danger, they retired into a safe place out of sight of the lamp, which gradually disappeared, with its bearer, in the recesses of the mine. It was a critical moment; and the danger was such as would have tried the stoutest heart. Stephenson, advancing alone, with his yet untried lamp, in the depths of those underground workings, calmly venturing his own life in the determination to discover a mode by which the lives of many might be saved, and death disarmed in these fatal caverns, presented an example of intrepid nerve and manly courage more noble even than that which, in the excitement of battle, and the collective impetuosity of a charge, carries a man up to the cannon's mouth. Advancing to the place of danger, and entering within the fouled air, his lighted lamp in hand, Stephenson held it firmly out in the full current of the blower, and within a few inches of its mouth. Thus exposed, the flame of the lamp at first increased, and then flickered and went out; but there was no explosion of the gas. Stephenson returned to his companions, who were still at a distance, and told them what had occurred. Having now acquired somewhat more confidence, they advanced with him to a point from which they could observe him repeat his experiment, but still at a safe distance. They saw that when the lighted lamp was held within the explosive mixture there was a great flame, the lamp was almost full of fire, and then it smothered out. Again returning to his companions, he relighted the lamp, and repeated the experiment. This he did several times, with the same result. At length, Wood and Moodie ventured to advance close to the fouled part of the pit; and in making some of the later trials, Mr. Wood himself held up the lighted lamp to the blower. Such was the result of the first experiment with the *first practicable Miners' Safety-lamp*."

While Stephenson was thus engaged, a very different



man was devoting his brilliant talents to the same object. Sir Humphrey Davy, then in the zenith of his fame, had been requested by a large body of coal-owners in the North to devote his attention to the invention of a method of saving the workmen in mines from the perils of fire-damp, and the proprietors from the enormous loss of property occasioned by the frequent explosions which took place in their works. He accordingly perfected the safety-lamp which almost universally bears his name. There is abundant evidence that Stephenson's lamp was in use before he was even aware of Sir Humphrey's investigations; but the merely local celebrity of the railway engineer was no match for the world-wide celebrity of the great chemist, and Davy took the lion's share of the fame. The coal-owners presented two thousand guineas to Sir Humphrey Davy, while one hundred pounds was deemed a sufficient reward for the humbler though prior inventor. It is a curious fact, however, that the miners of the North always preferred Geordie's lamp to the "Davy." *Sic vos non vobis!* The harvest is not for the labourer.

His biographer justly states, that the fact that carbureted hydrogen will not explode down narrow tubes was discovered by Stephenson, and that this fact or principle was applied by him in the invention of three successive lamps, constructed under his directions, all perfectly safe. Sir Humphrey Davy discovered the same fact about the same time, but most probably at a subsequent date, and afterwards constructed a safety-lamp, which was preferred to that of Stephenson on account of its greater cheapness and lightness. Sir H. Davy himself acknowledges that the merit of his lamp rested entirely on the discovery of the principle referred to, but which had previously been ascertained and verified by the repeated experiments of Mr. Stephenson.

And now the difficulties of Stephenson's life had been subdued. More ample leisure for scientific and general study, combined with constant intercourse with men of more cultivated minds, supplied the lack of early education, and the subsequent biography of Stephenson is an almost monotonous narrative of advancement and success.

In the year 1823, an Act was passed for the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and Mr. Stephenson was appointed the company's engineer, at a salary of three hundred pounds per annum; and removed, with his family, from Killingworth to Darlington. In the following year, Mr. Pease, the principal promoter of that line, entered into partnership with Stephenson, for the establishment of a locomotive foundry and manufactory at Newcastle. In 1824 he was employed to conduct a survey for the projected Manchester and Liverpool line; and in the following year underwent his memorable examination before a Parliamentary Committee on the Liverpool and Manchester Bill; Mr. Alderson declaring, in a summing-up speech against the Bill, which extended over two days, that Mr. Stephenson's plan was "the most absurd scheme that ever entered into the head of man to conceive." After much opposition, the Bill was eventually carried; and the company at once appointed Mr. Stephenson their principal engineer, at a salary of a thousand pounds per annum. Still, while the construction of the line was in progress, under Stephenson's

superintendence, it was undetermined what should be the motive power by which it should be worked. The system of horse traction had still its supporters; Stephenson's locomotive was ignored by engineers alike from ignorance and professional jealousy, and two of the best practical engineers of the day, who were called in by the directors, reported against the adoption of a locomotive. On the directors offering a premium for the best locomotive engine, Stephenson constructed that which became so celebrated under the name of the Rocket, and claimed the prize. It was with this that the Manchester and Liverpool line was opened on the 15th of September, 1830. Thus Stephenson arrived at the meridian of his fame, and thenceforward his name was associated with those numerous and gigantic railway schemes by which, within the last thirty years, the face of this country and the habits of the people have undergone so marvellous a revolution.

In the midst of wealth and honours, he died at Tapton, his country-seat, on the 12th of August, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

History, we are told, is philosophy teaching by examples. Some of these examples, as we have before intimated, appeal only to the few; but that of Stephenson is emphatically the property, not even of a country or an age, but of the world, with its successive generations. His name will be a household word in countries first invaded by civilisation when he was in his grave. The saying of Hamlet, that "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe," is reversed in the case of Stephenson; aristocracy may well press forward in his track, eager to approach to that public utility and beneficence on which, in the course of events, its existence as such must ultimately depend. Wealth, and even pedigree and ancestral *prestige*, will ever probably command their influence in countries where civilisation and refinement sway the tastes and feelings of society; but such an aristocracy must become effete, unless it is from time to time refreshed by the more vigorous blood of talent and industry, stimulated by the expansive force of a legitimate ambition. To this the example of such men as Stephenson must necessarily tend. Thousands to whom the glory of an ancient ancestry will be an unmeaning accident will be urged by the history of this untaught and unpatronised man. They will

"disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry."

They will verify the beautifully-conceived prediction, that when the elegant idlers who set the jewels in the crown are forgotten, the men will be remembered who broke the rocks in pieces and made a pathway for the people.

#### A RECKLESS SET.

FOR some months past there has been great talk at Bordeaux of the formation of the *Société des Treize*, or the Club of Thirteen. This Club proposes to exterminate, by the force of example, certain absurd prejudices which are transmitted hereditarily from generation to generation. The meetings of the Society are simply banquets at which thirteen persons sit down to table together every Friday. Each member



makes a solemn engagement to commence every enterprise on a Friday, as far as possible, and to start on a journey on that day in preference to any other. They celebrate the foundation of their order on the thirteenth Friday of every year. Before sitting down to table, they spin their chair on one of its legs, and amuse themselves by upsetting the salt-cellars. The most extraordinary part of the business is, that the Club has been in existence nearly a year, and up to the present moment the thirteen members continue to enjoy perfect health. Not one of them has suffered shipwreck; not one of them has been struck by lightning. More than that, they admit corresponding members, and receive as honorary associates every person reputed to have an Evil Eye. The reader doubtless knows what that means. The possessor of an Evil Eye is able to produce the most strange and terrible effects on every one who looks at him. The only way to avert the danger is to present the little and the forefingers of each hand, like lightning-conductors, folding up the other fingers and the thumb, every time you are obliged to speak to a person with the Evil Eye. Little hands doubled up in that position, made of copper, bronze, gold, silver, coral, ivory, and even lead, to suit all purchasers, are sold as amulets, and are worn by multitudes throughout the South. The belief in the Evil Eye is not a vulgar weakness merely. There are men in high literary and financial positions who have faith in this malignant influence; there are artists of considerable merit who pass for possessors of the Evil Eye. Well! will it be believed that some of these very artists are corresponding members of the Club of Thirteen?

E. S. D.

## TROOPER'S STABLE.

BY F. TAYLER.

SINCE Major Dugald Dalgetty, that redoubtable champion of the Protestant faith, admitted us into his confidence, by the introduction of Sir Walter Scott, and expressed his affection for his horse, Gustavus—"namesake of the Lion of the North"—there has always been something like sympathy in our mind for the affection which should subsist between an old soldier and his companion and friend—his horse. Almost every reader of "The Legend of Montrose" will have felt this; recognising in the portraits of the horse and the *ritt-meister* something immensely more true and real than are those of the lovers and damsels Sir Walter delighted to fill up his canvas with so frequently. We confess also to a stronger preference for the work before us, by Mr. F. Tayler, than almost any of those which we have recently engraved; there is more homeliness as well as novelty in it than in many of the Highland sketches, a nobler subject than that supplied by the dogs the artist so frequently and so cleverly executes.

As it is, here is the trooper looking after his horse with true military *insouciance*, and easy lounging freedom,—the rolled-up shirt sleeve, the brawny arm, the slackened braces, the collarless throat, free from the stock, and the complete look of the man, are all in keeping with the military character. The horse drinks with a sidelong eye at us—intruders in the stable, he seems to think. The head and neck of a white horse thrust themselves over the barrier of the next stall, partly for water, and partly to share the caress of his companion's master. Mr. Tayler has departed from his usual careful consideration in omitting to show us the whereabouts of the body and haunches of this latter animal. By the side hangs the bearded trumpet of the white horse's master, slung by its strap from a nail in the wall. Above are the saddle, stirrups, and holsters, belonging to the trooper before us, which appear to have been just removed from the horse's back, man and horse having not long, perhaps, returned from some piece of military duty, carrying dispatches, or such like service.

L. L.

## LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEMS.\*

A NEW poem from Professor Longfellow is an announcement sufficient in these days to kindle expectation and awaken attention in all in whom "the ancient spirit is not dead," and who hear ancestral voices in secluded places, and living whispers in the breathing airs. There are yet not a few quick souls who are susceptible of poetic sympathy, and believe in the universal inspiration. Some one has said that man is a religious animal; it is equally true that he is a poetical one. Does he manifest his being, as the philosophers tell us, by its act? Then is he a poet, as a doer, or maker; and every such essential revelation of the humanity is in its nature creative. This is, indeed, deriving the poetic inspiration from the fountain of all inspiration—in the Divine;—but for this very reason is such an affirmation (mystical as it may appear to prosaic apprehension) the very fittest prelude to any consideration of Longfellow's genius. Turn to any one of his works, whether his *Evangeline*, *Voices of the Night*, *The Golden Legend*, or *The Song of Hiawatha*, it is the religious sentiment that forms the pervading motive, that initiates the strain, and lives in every line. The spirit of piety animates his numbers, and underlies every versicle. Poetry with Longfellow is the appropriate expression of devotion—it is the music of praise and prayer, all directed to the "glory of God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill towards men." We cherish no wonder, therefore, when we find that the theme and argument of his last work is connected with the Puritan morality and the labours of the Pilgrim Fathers in America. The subject fits the style of the poet, and is besides of that national interest which should mark American poetry with a native character, and suggest an originality in the treatment, as well as a speciality in the topics which it is evoked to illustrate, interpret, and elevate, by the force of the imagination, the play of the fancy, and the ardour of passion.

The title of the new poem is *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Who is Miles Standish? The descendant of an old Lancashire house, that has done public service in its time. One of its members fought at the battle of Agincourt, one had a hand in wounding poor Wat Tyler, and one, in his character of bishop, stood by Queen Catherine and resisted her divorce. Miles Standish, the hero of the poem, was one of the Elizabethan men—the greatest in the national register of great men—and was one of the soldiers sent by the Maiden Queen to assist the Dutch in their struggle for independence. Ultimately, he left Leyden for America. "In Holland," says Longfellow, "he had learned to admire the devotedness and moral grandeur of the Puritans. Though he never joined their church, he was the staunch friend and sworn defender of that little band of heroic men and women who landed from the 'May Flower' in New England in the year 1620." The colony of Weymouth was saved by his courage and wisdom. He was twice married. Among the traditions connected with his memory is one that, after

\* *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: W. Kent & Co. 1858.





TROOPER'S STABLE. BY FREDERICK TAYLER.



18 OC 58



the death of his first wife, he employed the friendly services of his young friend, John Alden, to pay court in his name to a fair lady, who, however, fell in love with his ambassador. Priscilla Mullins became the wife of John Alden. We are gratified to learn that the old rough captain was enabled to solace himself for his disappointment by a certain Barbara Somebody, who had strength of mind sufficient not to reject "the hand of one of the greatest and noblest men whom Providence ever raised up to fight the battle of Liberty in the Old World, and to lay the social foundation of the New."

Such is the simple argument of the poem. It is in hexameters, and recalls the *Evangeline* in more than one particular. Nine is the mystic number of the parts into which the poem is divided; and verily, from the success of the experiment, we are disposed to believe that there is virtue in the nonad.

Take first the picture of the hero:—

"In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims,  
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,  
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,  
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain.  
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him,  
and pausing  
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,  
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—  
Cutlass and corslet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,  
Curved at the point, and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,  
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket,  
and matchlock.  
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,  
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;  
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already  
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.  
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,  
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;  
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,  
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives  
Whom St. Gregory saw, and exclaimed, 'Not Angles but Angels.'  
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the 'May Flower.' "

We have already anticipated the story that follows this introduction. We have fortunately only to engage with the treatment. In reference to this point, we find a bit of artistic dealing which is eminently instructive:—

"Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the Captain,  
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Caesar.  
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,  
Heavily on the page: 'A wonderful man was this Caesar! You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow

Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!'

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,  
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,  
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together  
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,  
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,  
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;  
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;  
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.  
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,  
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others.' "

This golden rule John Alden rightly retorts on the Captain when he proposes to woo the maiden Priscilla by proxy. But Miles Standish over-rides the objection.

"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it; But we must use it discreetly; and not waste powder for nothing.  
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases. I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender,  
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.  
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,  
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,  
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!  
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,  
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases.' "

So poor John Alden is compelled to consent, though he loves the maiden himself; nevertheless he does justice to his errand. He pleads strenuously for his friend, but the lady makes him understand that she prefers himself.

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' "

Honestly poor John Alden relates the whole to the Captain; the "cholerick words" thereupon uttered by the latter fill him with remorse, and make him feel like a traitor to friendship. The Captain meanwhile goes forth to encounter the Indians. As we are unable to quote from the beautiful sections devoted to this part of the subject, we may be permitted to bestow all the warmer commendations on them:—they are picturesque, lifelike, natural, and full of dramatic genius. The lovers soon understand one another; but Miles Standish holds aloof, and at length causes himself to be reported as slain in battle. This at once takes off the restraint from the enamoured pair, and they proceed to wed. But be sure, at the proper time, Miles Standish



shows himself at the wedding, and blesses the fair couple not only with his presence, but his pardon, his sanction, and his benediction.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the feeling of different portions of this delightful story. Take Priscilla at her spinning-wheel:—

"So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,  
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous  
fingers,  
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and  
his fortune,  
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the  
spindle:  
'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and  
spinning,  
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,  
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a  
moment;  
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful  
Spinner.'  
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter;  
the spindle  
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in  
her fingers;  
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief,  
continued:  
'You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of  
Helvetia;  
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of South-  
ampton,  
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow  
and mountain,  
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her  
saddle.  
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into  
a proverb.  
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel  
shall no longer  
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers  
with music.  
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in  
their childhood,  
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the  
spinner.'  
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan  
maiden,  
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose  
praise was the sweetest,  
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her  
spinning,  
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases  
of Alden:  
'Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for house-  
wives,  
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of  
husbands.  
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for  
knitting;  
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have  
changed, and the manners,  
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of  
John Alden!'  
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she  
adjusted;  
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended  
before him,  
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from  
his fingers,  
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,  
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled ex-  
pertly

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she  
help it?

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body."

All this is in the true vein of pastoral beauty. Other smaller poems are in the volume, expressive of different moods of mind,—meditative, passionate, legendary, sentimental, amorous, and religious. We quote two or three as samples. In all is the nice touch, the final grace of the master. On the whole, these poems are calculated to enhance even the fame and reputation of such a minnesinger as Longfellow.

"CATAWBA WINE.

This song of mine  
Is a Song of the Vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns,  
When the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers.  
  
It is not a song  
Of the Scuppernong,  
From warm Carolinian valleys,  
Nor the Isabel  
And the Muscadel  
That bask in our garden alleys.  
  
Nor the red Mustang,  
Whose clusters hang  
O'er the waves of the Colorado,  
And the fiery flood  
Of whose purple blood  
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.  
  
For richest and best  
Is the wine of the West,  
That grows by the Beautiful River;  
Whose sweet perfume  
Fills all the room  
With a benison on the giver.  
  
And as hollow trees  
Are the haunts of bees,  
For ever going and coming;  
So this crystal hive  
Is all alive  
With a swarming and buzzing and humming.  
  
Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine,  
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.  
  
There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island or cape,  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River.  
  
Drugged is their juice  
For foreign use,  
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,  
To rack our brains  
With the fever pains  
That have driven the Old World frantic.  
  
To the sewers and sinks  
With all such drinks,  
And after them tumble the mixer;  
For a poison malign  
Is such Borgia wine,  
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.



While pure as a spring  
Is the wine I sing,  
And to praise it, one needs but name it;  
For Catawba wine  
Has need of no sign,  
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,  
This greeting of mine,  
The winds and the birds shall deliver  
To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the Beautiful River."

"HAUNTED HOUSES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.  
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.  
There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.  
The stranger at the fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.  
We have no title-deeds to house or lands;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.  
The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.  
Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.  
These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
An undiscovered planet in our sky.  
And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night,—  
So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss."

"THE ROPEWALK.

In that building, long and low,  
With its windows all a-row,  
Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their thread so thin  
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.  
At the end, an open door;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
Light the long and dusky lane;  
And the whirring of a wheel,  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and re-ascend,  
Gleam the long threads in the sun;  
While within this brain of mine  
Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
Like white doves upon the wing,  
First before my vision pass:  
Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms  
Drawing water from a well;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,  
Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
While the rope coils round and round,  
Like a serpent at his feet,  
And again, in swift retreat,  
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth;  
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!  
Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a schoolboy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look;  
Steeds pursued through lane and field;  
Fowls with their snares concealed;  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
Anchors dragged through faithless sand;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And, with lessening line and lead,  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These, and many left untold,  
In that building long and low;  
While the wheel goes round and round,  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go."

"IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the village churchyard she lies,  
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;  
At her feet and at her head  
Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
But their dust is white as hers.  
Was she a lady of high degree,  
So much in love with the vanity  
And foolish pomp of this world of ours?  
Or was it Christian charity,  
And lowliness and humility,  
The richest and rarest of all dowers?



Who shall tell us? No one speaks;  
 No colour shoots into those cheeks,  
     Either of anger or of pride,  
 At the rude question we have asked;  
 Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
     By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to look  
 On the terrible pages of that Book  
     To find her failings, faults, and errors?  
 Ah, you will then have other cares,  
 In your own shortcomings and despairs,  
     In your own secret sins and terrors!"

### PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

AMONGST the recent developments of organic chemistry, few have been so fertile in results as the department of ethers; the comparative study of which has opened up relations at once interesting and unexpected between the physical properties of bodies and their chemical composition. To demonstrate the interest belonging to this class of researches, it will suffice to call attention to the relation subsisting between the densities, boiling points, specific heats, and refractive indices of compound ethers,—all of them having the common origin of being generated from the action of acids upon alcohols. M. Hanhart has been studying the properties of some new ethers developed by stearic and margaric acid. He has devoted especial attention to the fusing points of these fatty ethers, a tabular view of which is given in the *Comptes Rendus* (No. 5, Août 2, 1858, p. 232). The general result of M. Hanhart's experiments is as follows:—

On comparing each margaric ether with the corresponding stearic ether, it will be remarked that the stearic ether melts, in general, at a higher temperature than its congener; the difference being from 10 to 11 degrees centigrade; in other words, almost exactly the difference which subsists between the fatty bodies themselves. But the comparison of the fusing points of ethers formed by the same acid, with different alcohols, manifests a peculiarity: in proportion as the equivalent of alcohol rises, the point of fusion of the corresponding ether falls,—and this falling does not seem to take place in an equal ratio.

M. Pasteur affirms, contrary to the opinion generally received, that during the progress of alcoholic fermentation not the slightest trace of lactic acid is generated; and that, whenever lactic acid is discoverable, it is the result of a fermentation altogether distinct from the alcoholic. The latter fermentation is only associated with the production of lactic acid, and under circumstances altogether rare and exceptional, and by the agency of what M. Pasteur calls the "lactic ferment, or lactic yeast." The latter, he says, is formed of globules much smaller than those of beer yeast, and easily distinguishable by the microscope, even when mingled with other ferments.

Lavoisier first made known the circumstance—frequently confirmed since his time—that, simultaneously with the alcoholic fermentation, is the production of an acid. If not the lactic—what is it? M. Pasteur affirms it to be the *succinic acid*; the presence of which, he says, is not accidental, but constant. It is, in point of fact, the only acid normally resulting from the alcoholic fermentation. Whatever may be the conditions under which alcoholic fermentation goes on, glycerine and succinic acid are, according to M. Pasteur, concomitants of it, no less invariable than carbonic acid itself.

The French War Minister has recently solicited an opinion of the Academy of Sciences, on the important question whether telegraphic wires, taking their course near powder magazines, may endanger the latter, and, if dangerous, how the peril may be obviated. The Academy of Sciences, thus appealed to, referred the matter to a committee, the

members being MM. Becquerel, Pouillet, Regnault, Despretz, and Senermont, assisted by Marshal Vaillant. The report, just made known, is as follows:—

"It is a matter of demonstration that electric currents, developed in telegraphic wires, for the common service of despatches, can never originate accidents; for, even assuming the wires in question broken during electric transmission, whether by force of the wind or any other cause, the minute electric sparks, which would then be evolved at the points of rupture, could not inflame such combustible matter as might by chance have been deposited upon them.

"But it is very different as regards atmospheric electricity, the agency of which often becomes formidable, and would be a cause of imminent danger for powder magazines.

"If, for example, it should happen that the lightning were to strike directly upon a telegraphic wire, it is probable that, at the point struck, the wire would be fused, and, for a certain length on either side of that point, inflamed, dispersed, its incandescent particles thrown about far and wide by the very circumstance of explosion. The wind might give still farther distribution to these particles; moreover, the free extremities of the wires, thrown into full combustion and projected, might describe curves of great amplitude, and in this way bear the flame to considerable distances.

"Were the probability in question only a possibility, still it would be not less indispensable to protect powder magazines from the chance of such a casualty.

"Having maturely considered the various precautions which may be taken, the commission recommends the following:—

"1. To substitute underground for suspended wires, in every part of a telegraphic line that may come within 400 metres of a gunpowder magazine.

"2. To establish the underground trenches, or beds, for the wires at such a distance from the magazine, that workmen, when laying down the wires, or repairing them, may not come into dangerous proximity with the powder.

"3. To establish one or more lightning-rods on masts, having a height from fifteen to twenty metres, near the subterranean trenches, so as to protect the wires from atmospheric electrical agencies."

The disease of silk-worms is a matter of great anxiety in France just at present; and, secondarily, in every other civilised country. It is the more perplexing on account of the ignorance which prevails respecting it, some observers referring the disease primarily to the worms themselves, others to a peculiar altered condition of the mulberry-leaves whereon they feed. M. Guérin Méneville adopts the latter hypothesis; at least, he imagines disease of the mulberry to be one of the *principal* causes of the disease of the worms. His observations, he remarks, have not been restricted to France alone, but have embraced many spots in Italy as well. Last year he remarked the diseased condition of mulberry-trees around Paris, and almost immediately coincident the silk-worms in the Jardin des Plantes were affected. On the other hand, MM. Decaisne, Peligot, and Quatrefages, forming the commission charged by the Academy to examine all the questions relative to silk-worm disease, arrive at the totally opposite conclusion, and affirm that they have nowhere discovered disease of the mulberry to prevail in any locality conspicuous for disease amongst the silk-worms. They assert, moreover, that not one, but many diseases are raging amongst the worms, or rather moths, for it is the latter which especially suffer. The chief disease, the commissioners say, is characterised by a spotting over of the body, and destruction of the wings and antennæ. This disease was not noticed, it appears, until 1853, and did not rise to any alarming proportions until 1837.

The same gentleman (M. Guérin Méneville) publishes an interesting statement of a new species of silk-worm imported by him from the neighbourhood of Turin, whither it had been introduced from China by some Italian missionaries. Unlike the ordinary silk-worm, which feeds exclusively on



mulberry-leaves, the new arrival will not touch that sort of food. Its tastes, however, are not less exclusive. Its food is the leaves of the Japanese varnish-tree. M. Guérin Méneville expresses his belief that the new silk-worm in question is the true *Cynthia* of entomological authors. He mentions, as a valuable characteristic, that it lies dormant in the cocoons during winter. This, indeed, is a necessity, if it feed exclusively on the Japanese varnish-tree, seeing that the latter, in Europe at least, is not evergreen.

Two fatal cases from chloroform inhalation, occurring within a few days of each other, have set medical men discussing the propriety of administering chloroform at all, except at the desire of the patient or responsible friends. The fatal result of chloroform inhalation at Norwood occurred in spite of all safeguards which prudence could suggest or practical experience carry out. Quite certain is it, that the practice of chloroform anæsthesia in cases of trivial import—such, for example, as tooth extraction—should no longer be persisted in. The late Dr. Snow, whose experience in the use of chloroform and other anæsthetics is well known, demonstrated the fact that the heart of an animal, once paralysed by chloroform, never recovers its contractile power.

Simultaneously with the raising of objections to the use of chloroform is the recommendation of electricity, not exactly as an anæsthetic, but as an agent for determining a change in the character of pain, and thus rendering surgical operations more tolerable. Judging from published records of the new practice, it does not seem to give much encouragement.

The facile production of calcium is another result to which the chemical world is indebted to M. Deville's commercial development of sodium. M.M. Gobin and Liès-Bodart fruitlessly endeavoured to develop calcium from the chloride of calcium, by the agency of sodium. They next substituted iodide of calcium with perfect success, calcium being liberated with great facility, and almost in theoretical quantity. We just indicate the fact here as important. The steps of the operation would be too long for detail in this place; the chemical reader may, however, find them recorded in vol. xlvii. No. 1, of the *Comptes Rendus*.

Amongst the later contributions of value to the practice of photography is a proposition, offered by Mr. Richard W. Thomas, of neutralising excess of nitric acid locked up in the interstices of nitrate of silver crystals, instead of driving it off by fusion. Mr. Thomas objects to the use of alkaline carbonates as neutralising agents, because of the introduction of carbonate of silver, and probably the formation of double salts. He uses oxide of silver, which he finds to be effectual, whether added to an old or a new bath. The oxide thus employed should be newly precipitated. Owing to the strong basic quality of oxide of silver, the solution of nitrate thus prepared is alkaline, and no picture can be taken with it. The solution has to be neutralised by the addition of a proper amount of nitric acid, all mechanically suspended oxide of silver having been previously separated by filtration. The quantity of oxide dissolved being definite, the quantity of nitric acid to be added will be definite also. Three-fourths of a minim of acid, sp. gr. 1.5, to 200 oz. of bath, being the proper quantity.

A singular instance of the extent to which prejudice may be carried is furnished by a letter of Lieut. Higginson, R.N., addressed to the *Daily News*. The gallant lieutenant is convinced, and records his conviction, that the Atlantic cable has never been successfully deposited at all; that no electric messages have been transmitted along it; in short, that all the published statements of electrical interchange of congratulation between the Queen and the President are a pure myth. "It is needless to say," remarks he, "that no message of any kind whatever, public or private, ever could have been actually passed along the telegraph wire-rope between Ireland and Newfoundland, because to lay such a rope down, as attempted, is an utter physical impossibility,

as I have throughout stated and practically demonstrated. Nor, if a wire could have been so laid, would the electric spark have passed one-half the distance, say 1000 miles, without an auxiliary conductor annexed to the cable, or its being assisted by the inductive influence afforded when parts of the wire lie coiled, one touching the other in actual contact: from both which causes I always knew this undertaking had not been accomplished, whatever was professed." The gallant lieutenant oddly enough volunteers to substantiate the dicta here laid down—*on oath!*

The deposition of the Atlantic cable, and the transmission of messages through it, are facts no less certain than the present failure of that interesting bond of union between the Old and New World. The failure in question is, of course, much to be deplored; nevertheless it would have been opposed to all analogy, and all human experience in parallel matters, had so great an undertaking, one, moreover, so novel, and embracing so many untried conditions, succeeded at this early period of trial. It may be scant consolation for the persons who have invested their money in the present undertaking to be told, that though baffled for the time, they have worked out the philosophy of conditions for the benefit of future enterprise, but the assurance conveys much solace to the outside public of lookers-on. The failure is, indeed, altogether of a most encouraging kind. The cable has *not* parted: that is a consolation. Two functions have to be considered in estimating its efficiency. First, the function of mechanical power to resist strains; secondly, the function of electrical capability. The latter, it would appear, has alone failed. It seems clear to us that, whatever other shortcomings the present cable may have, its electrical conductive capacity is not sufficiently ample; in other words, the conducting area is not great enough. The experiments of Mr. Varley have amply proved the competence of strong electric currents to develop heat enough to destroy the gutta-percha isolating envelope. Probably this is the exact sort of injury which has taken place. This untoward result can easily be guarded against in future by making the conducting wire larger, or, what amounts to the same thing, increasing the number of conducting wires. It does not necessarily follow from this, that the cable itself need be larger than at present; possibly it need not be so large or so expensive. We have never been able to perceive the use of the external wire envelope. If useful at all, it would argue badly for the prospect of the cable as a mercantile speculation, inasmuch as a very few years' exposure to the ocean would necessarily destroy the envelope, and throw the internal core back upon its own resources.

Some investigations have recently been undertaken by M. Bobierre, to determine the effect of sea-water upon compound metallic sheathing formed by the fusion of copper with zinc. The most advantageous proportions of alloy he finds to be 2 equivalents of copper *plus* 1 of zinc, or 34 per cent. of the latter metal. The alloy of 3 of copper *plus* 2 of zinc, corresponding to the percentage composition of 40.5 per cent. of the latter metal, admits of cold lamination, but sea-water rapidly destroys it, dissolving out the zinc, and leaving the copper in a spongy condition. This change begins at the water-line, and proceeds gradually until the whole expanse of sheathing is affected; giving rise to a friability so considerable, that the whole sheet may be rubbed to powder between the finger and thumb. Cold lamination is attended with so many bad results, that it will be prudent on the part of those who have to employ sheathing of compound metal to satisfy themselves it has not been performed. A sufficient guarantee will be supplied by chemical analysis. The zinc should never exceed the proportion of 34 per cent., a proportion which yields a compound not susceptible of cold lamination.

From the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* we gather some interesting particulars, by Dr. Charles Wilson, about the beaver (*Castor fiber*), an animal now fast disappearing from Europe, though the assumption may be legitimate that,



considering the extended use of silk hats, and the decadence in repute of castoreum as a remedial agent, the much-persecuted, sleek-coated rodents may have a little respite. The beaver was once indigenous to Scotland. In 1788 Dr. Farquharson presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland a skeleton of the head, and one or two of the haunch-bones of the beaver, found on the margin of the Loch of Marlee, a small lake in the parish of Kinloch, in Perthshire, near the foot of the Grampian Mountains. A second instance occurred in October 1818, on the estate of Kinsmerghame, in the parish of Edrom, near the head of that district of Berwickshire called the Merse. Remains of beavers have also been found in England and Wales. In the code of Hywel Dda, framed towards the commencement of the tenth century, the animal is valued at 120 pence, and the skin at a precisely similar amount, showing the latter to have been alone of consideration. A more expressive fact, showing how highly the skin was valued, is this: the skins of the ox and deer respectively are rated at eightpence, and those of the goat and sheep at only a penny each. In the sixteenth century Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsala, testifies to the existence of the beaver in Scandinavia, where he describes it as found in greatest abundance, and constructing its two and three-chambered houses with wonderful art. According to Pontoppidan, they were numerous in Norway at a still later period. Linnaeus, in his *Fauna of Sweden*, includes the beaver as inhabiting lakes and rivers, especially in Lapland. It was formerly plentiful on the banks of the Rhone, where solitary specimens are still recorded to be found. The beaver is easily tamed: Cuvier had two; one from the Danube, the second from the Gardon, in Dauphiny.

Intimately connected with the history of the beaver is the history of felted hats. There is strong reason to believe that the art of felting is even more ancient than that of weaving. It seems to have been originally introduced from Asia into Europe, where it was known even in the times of Homer and of Hesiod, as applied to the formation of coverings for the head. The process continued throughout the middle ages. The *Anglo-Saxon Glossary* of Archbishop Ælfrie Latinises felt by the words *lana coactilis*.

An interesting paper on the Uchatius process of manufacturing steel was read a few days since at the Newcastle meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. The principle of the Uchatius system is the removal of as much carbon from cast-iron as is sufficient to change the latter into steel—abstracting simultaneously from the iron its impurities. The first object is effected by bringing oxide of iron into contact with the cast-iron, by which means oxygen unites with carbon, and forms carbonic acid, which is expelled. The purification is effected by bringing the molten metal into contact with alkaline earths, so that they *flux* away the impurities. In the course of the discussion, Mr. Fairbairn stated that the Uchatius process showed that manufacturers were in a transition stage. He spoke well, also, of Bessemer's process, and alluded to the great advan-

tage of substituting steel for iron plates in the construction of steam-engine boilers. If such plates could be obtained at a compatible cost, and used for the construction of boilers, plates of only one-half the present thickness would be alone required—a most important consideration, now that steam of such high pressure was getting so much into vogue.

The development of military small arms has received a fresh impulse in the proved superiority of the Lancaster over the celebrated Enfield rifle, for some time past adopted. With a view to the testing of the Lancaster rifle, some companies of artillery stationed at Malta were supplied with it, and, after trials long continued, Col. Lane Fox reported the fact of its decided superiority over the Enfield arm. Not only in the matter of correct delivery of the projectile was the superiority apparent, but also in other qualities still more necessary to the efficiency of a military small arm. Col. Lane Fox in his report showed that, owing to some cause not well determined, but which he imagined to be accumulation of rust in the gun, the Enfield rifle deteriorated by usage, whereas the Lancaster suffered no deterioration whatever. The apprehension expressed by some people, that although the Lancaster rifle might answer perfectly well with fine shooting powder, it would not be adapted for the coarser and often deteriorated ammunition of our arsenals, was found to be altogether groundless. Lately a severe comparative investigation into the respective qualities of the two rifles has so completely borne out the eulogies of Col. Lane Fox, that it is understood a gradual substitution of the Lancaster for the Enfield rifle will take place throughout the army.

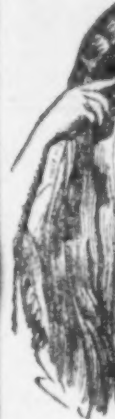
The glacier sanctuary of Monte Rosa has been invaded by the most adventurous mountain climber we ever remember to have read of—Professor Tyndall, of the Royal Institution. This gentleman's ardent and successful scrutiny of glacier phenomena has been long well known to the philosophic world. For many seasons past he has been successfully studying on the spot this class of phenomena, until, lending new illustration to the proverb about familiarity breeding contempt, he managed, a few weeks ago, to ascend Monte Rosa without a guide. If the Professor would take counsel of many who value his scientific contributions, and who would sincerely regret a permanent and premature interruption of them, he will not tempt the glacier pitfalls and crested avalanches of Monte Rosa in such wise again.

The readers of our scientific summary will remember, some months ago, we noticed the explorations of the Brothers Schlagintedeit in various parts of India, passing northward beyond the Himalayan range. We regret to say one of these adventurous travellers is reported to have been murdered. *Appropos* of another German traveller, Dr. Vögel, whose explorations in North Africa are familiar to the public, at the instance of the venerable Humboldt, during the visit of her Majesty to Germany, the English Government has communicated with the Tunisian authorities, begging of them such information respecting his fate as they may be enabled to procure.

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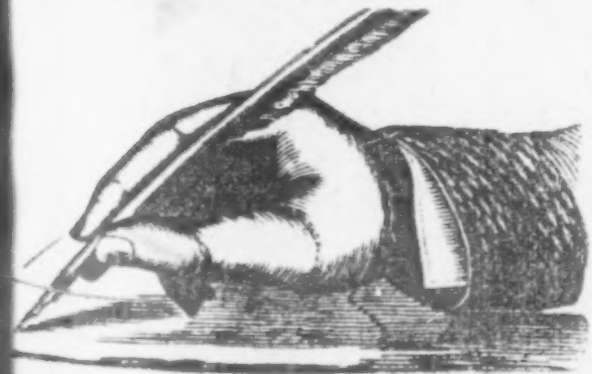
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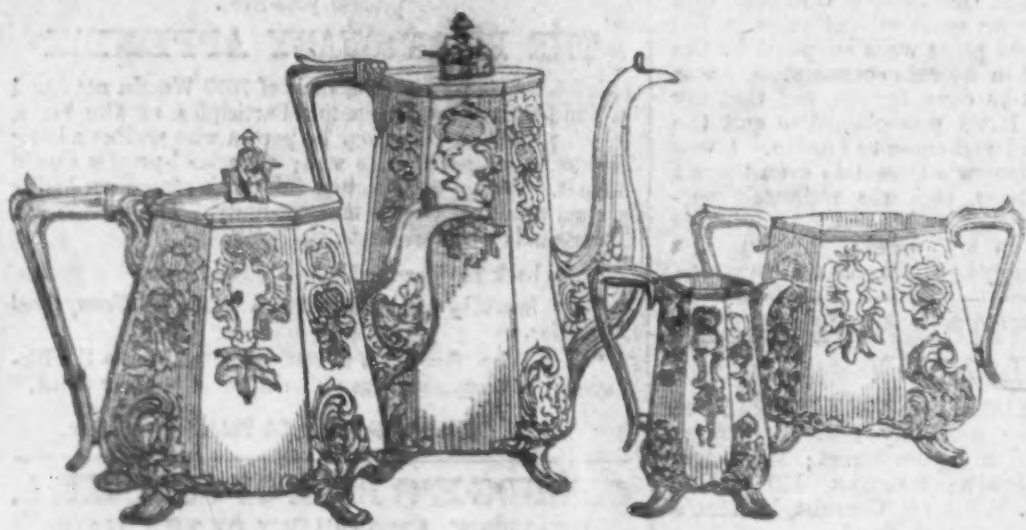
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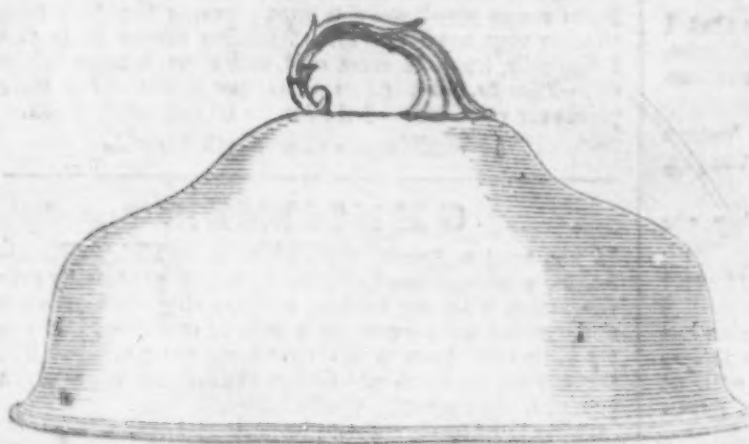
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